

BEN: IONSON

his

VOLPONE

Or

THE FOXE.

Simul & iucunda, & idonea dicere vita.

Printed for Thomas Thorppe.
1607.

BENJAMIN

VOLUME

OXFORD
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TO THE MOST NOBLE
AND MOST EQVALL
SISTERS

THE TWO FAMOVS VNIVERSITIES,
FOR THEIR LOVE
AND
ACCEPTANCE

SHEW'N TO HIS POEME
IN THE PRESENTATION:

BEN: IONSON

THE GRATEFVLL ACKNOWLEDGER
DEDICATES
BOTH IT, AND HIMSELFE.

There followes an *Epistle*, if
you dare venture on
the length.

THE EPISTLE.



Ever (*most equall* SISTERS) had any
 man a wit so presently excellent,
 as that it could raise it selfe; but
 there must come both Matter, Oc-
 casion, Commenders, and Favour-
 ers to it. If this be true, and that
 the Fortune of all *Writers* doth daily proue it, it be-
 houes the carefull to prouide, well, toward these ac-
 cidents; and, hauing acquir'd them, to preserue that
 part of reputation most tenderly, wherein the be-
 nefit of a Friend is also defended. Hence is it, that I
 now render my selfe gratefull, and am studious to
 iustifie the bounty of your act: To which, though
 your mere authority were satisfying, yet, it being an
 age, wherein *Poëtry* and the Professors of it heare so
 ill, on all sides, there will a reason bee look'd for in
 the subiect. It is certaine, nor can it with any fore-
 head be oppos'd) that the too-much licence of *Poë-
 tasters*, in this time, hath much deform'd their *Mi-
 stresse*; that, euery day their manifold, and manifest
 ignorance doth stick vnnaturall reproches vpon her:
 But for their petulancy, it were an act of the greatest
 iniustice, either to let the learned suffer; or so diuine
 a *skill* (which indeed should not be attempted with
 vncleane hands) to fall, vnder the least contempt.
 For if men will impartially, and not à-squint, looke
 toward the offices, and function of a *Poët*, they will
 easily conclude to themselves, the impossibility of
 any mans being the good *Poët*, without first being a
 good

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good *Man*. He that is sayd to be able to informe *young-men* to all good disciplines, inflame *growne-men* to all great vertues, keepe *old-men* in their best and supreme state, or as they decline to child-hood, recover them to their first strength; that comes forth the Interpreter, and Arbiter of *Nature*, a Teacher of things diuine, no lesse then humane, a Master in manners; and can alone (or with a few) effect the busines of Man-kind. This, I take him, is no subiect for *Pride*, and *Ignorance* to exercise their railing *rhétorique* vpon. But, it will here be hastily answer'd, that the *Writers* of these dayes are other things; that, not onely their manners, but their natures are inuerted; and nothing remaining with them of the dignity of *Poët*, but the abused name, which euery Scribe vsurpes: that now, especially in *Dramatick*, or (as they termë it) Stage-*Poëtry*, nothing but Ribaldry, Profanation, Blasphemy, al Licence of offence to God, and Man, is practis'd. I dare not deny a great part of this (and am sorry, I dare not) because in some mens abortiue *Features* (and would they had neuer boasted the light) it is ouer-true: But, that all are embarqu'd in this bold aduenture for Hell, is a most vncharitable thought, and, vtterd, a more malicious slander. For my particular, I can (and from a most cleare conscience) affirme that I haue ever trembled to thinke toward the least Prophanenesse; haue loath'd the vse of such foule, and vn-wash'd Baudr'y, as is now made the foode of the *Scene*: And, howsoeuer I cannot escape, from some, the imputation of

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sharpnesse, but that they wil say, I haue taken a pride, or lust to be bitter, and not my yongest Infant but hath come into the world with all his teeth; I would aske of these supercilious *Politiques*, what Nation, Society, or generall Order, or State I haue prouokd? what publique Person? whether I haue not (in all these) preferu'd their dignity, as mine owne person, safe? My workes are read, allow'd, (I speake of those that are intirely mine) looke into them, what broad reproofes haue I vsd: Where haue I bin particular? Where personall, except to a Mimick, Cheater, Baud, or Buffon, creatures (for their insolencies) worthy to be tax'd? or to which of these so pointingly, as he might not, either ingeniously haue cōfess'd, or wisely dissembled his disease? But it is not Rumour can make mē guilty, much lesse entitle me, to other mens crimes. I know, that nothing cā be so innocently writ, or carried, but maybe made obnoxious to cōstruction; mary, whilst I beare mine innocence about me, I feare it not. Application, is now, growne a Trade with many; and there are, that professe to haue a *Key* for the deciphering of euery thing, but let wise and noble Persons take heed how they bee too credulous, or giue leaue to these inuading Interpreters to be ouer-familiar with their fames, who cunningly, & often, viter their owne virulent malice, vnder other mēs simplest meanings. As for those, that wil (by faults which charity hath rak'd vp, or cōmō honesty cōceald) make thēselues a name with the Multitude, or (to drawe their rude, and beastly clappes) care

not

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not whose living faces they intrench with their petulant stiles; may they doe it, without a riual, for mee: I chuse rather to liue grau'd in obscuritie, then share with them, in so preposterous a fame. Nor can I blame the wishes of those graue, and wiser *Patriotes*, who prouiding the hurts these licentious spirits may do in a State, desire rather to see Fooles, and Diuells, and those antique reliques of Barbarisme retriu'd, with all other ridiculous, and exploded follies: then behold the wounds of Priuate men, of Princes, and Nations. For as HORACE, makes *Trebatius* speake, in these

—*Sibi quisque timet, quanquam est intactus, & odit.*

And men may iustly impute such rages, if continu'd, to the *Writer*, as his sports. The encrease of which lust in liberty, together with the present trade of the Stage, in all their misc'line *Enterludes*, what learned or liberall soule doth not already abhor? where nothing but the garbage of the time is viter'd, & that with such impropriety of *phrase*, such plenty of *solacismes*, such dearth of *sense*, so bold *prolepse's*, so rackt *metaphor's*, with brothelry able to violate the eare of a *Pagan*, and blasphemy, to turne the bloud of a *Christian* to water. I cannot but be serious in a cause of this nature, wherein my fame, & the reputations of diuerse honest, & learned are the question; when a NAME, so full of authority, antiquity, and all great marke, is (through their insolence) become the lowest scorne of the *Age*: and those MEN subject to the petulancy

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tulancie of euery vernaculous *Orator*, that were
 wont to be the care of *Kings*, and happiest *Monarchs*.
 This it is that hath not onely rap't mee to present in-
 dignation, but made mee studious, heretofore, and,
 by all my actions, to stand off, from them; which
 may most appeare in this my latest *WORKE*: (which
 you, *most learned ARBITRESSES*, haue seene, iudg'd, &
 to my crowne, approu'd) wherein I haue labourd,
 for their instruction, and amendment, to reduce, not
 onely the antient formes, but manners of the *Scene*,
 the easinesse, the propriety, the innocence, and last
 the doctrine, which is the principall end of *POESY*
 to informe men, in the best reason of liuing. And
 though my *Catastrophe* may, in the strict rigour of
Comick Law, meete with censure, as turning back to
 my promise; I desire the learned, and charitable
Critick to haue so much faith in me, to thinke it was
 done off industrie: For with what ease I could
 haue varied it, nearer his *scale* (but that I feare to
 boast my owne faculty) I could here insert. But my
 special aime being to put the snaffle in their mouths,
 that crie out, we neuer punish vice in our *Enter-
 ludes* &c. I tooke the more liberty; though not with
 out some lines of example drawne euen in the *Anti-
 ents* themselues, the goings out of whose *Comædies*
 are not alwayes ioyfull, but oftimes, the Baudes,
 the Seruants, the Riuals, yea and the maisters
 are mulcted: and fitly, it beeing the office of a *Co-
 mick-POET* to imitate iustice, and instruct to life,
 as well as puritie of language, or stirre vp gentle
 affections

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affections. To which, vpon my next opportunity toward the examining & digesting of my *notes*, I shall speake more wealthily, and pay the World a debt.

In the meane time (*most reuerenced SISTERS*) as I haue car'd to be thankfull for your affections past, and here made the vnderstanding acquainted with some grouid of your fauors; let me not dispayre their cōtinuance, to the maturing of some worthier fruits: wherein, if my *Myses* bee true to me, I shall raise the dispis'd head of *POETRY* againe, & stripping her out of those rotten and bale ragges, wherewith the *Times* haue adulterated her forme, restore her to her primitiue habite, feature, and maiesty, and render her worthy to be imbraced, and kist, of all the great and Maister *Spirits* of our World. As for the vile, and slothfull, who neuer affected an act, worthy of celebration, or are so inward with their owne vicious natures, as they worthely feare her; and thinke it a high point of policie, to keepe her in contempt with their declamatory, and windy inuectiues: shee shall out of iust rage incite her Seruants (who are *Ce-nus irritabile*) to spout inke in their faces, that shall eate, farder then their marrow, into their fames; and not *CINNAMVS* the Barber, with his art, shall be able to take out the brands, but they shall liue, and be read, till the Vretches die, as Things worst deser-
uing of themselves in chiefe, and then
of all mankind.

*From my house in the Black-Friars
this II. of February. 1607.*

THE EPIGRAMS
AD UTRAMQUE ACA-
DEMIAM, De BENIAMIN
IONSONIO.

Hic ille est primus, qui doctum drama BRITANNIS,
GRAIORVM antiqua, et LATII monumenta Theatri,
Tanquam explorator versans, felicibus ausis
Prebebit: Magnis ceptis Gemina astra fauete.
Alterutrâ veteres contenti laude: Cothurnum hic,
Atq; pari soccum tractat Sol scenicus arte;
Das VOLTONEIocos, fletus SEIANE dedisti.
At si IONSONIAS multatas limite MVSAS
Angustâ plangent quiquam: Vos, dicite, contrâ,
O nimium miseros quibus ANGLIS ANGLICA lingua
Aut non sat nota est; aut queis (seu trans mare natis)
Haud nota omnino: Vegetet cum tempore Vates,
Mutabit patriam, fietq; ipse ANGLVS APOLLO.

E. B.

Amicissimo, & meritissimo

BEN: IONSON.

Quod arte ausus es hic tuâ, P O R T A,
Si auderent hominum Deiq; iuris
Consulti, veteres sequi amularierq;
O omnes sapere mus ad salutem.
His sed sunt veteres araneosi;
Tam nemo veterum est sequutor, ut tu
Illos quod sequeris novator audis.
Fac tamen quod agis; tuique primâ
Libri canitie induantur horâ:
Nam cartis pueritia est neganda,
Nascanturque senes, oportet, illi
Libri, queis dare vis perennitatem.
Priscis, ingenium facit, laborque
Te parem; hos superes, ut & futuros,
Ex nostrâ vitiositate sumas,
Quâ priscos superamus, & futuros.

I. D.

To

A

To my friend Mr. I O N S O N.

EPIGRAMME.

I O N S O N, to tell the world what I to thee
Am, 'tis *Friend*. Not to praise, nor vs her forth
Thee, or thy worke, as if it needed mee
Send I these rimes to adde ought to thy worth:
So should I flatter my selfe, and not thine;
For there were truth on thy side, none on mine.

To the Reader. Upon the worke.

I F thou dar'st bite this F O X E, then read my rimes;
Thou guilty art of some of these foule crimes:
Which, else, are neyther his, nor thine, but *Times*.

If thou dost like it, well; it will imply
Thou lik'st with iudgement, or best company:
And hee, that doth not so, doth yet enuie.

The auntient formes reduc'd, as in this age
The vices, are; and bare-fac'd on the stage:
So boyes were taught t' abhorre seene Dronkards
(rage.

T. R.

To

To my deare friend, Mr. Benia-
min Ionson, vpon his FOXE.

IFit might stand with Iustice, to allow
The swift conuersion of all follies; now,
Such is my Mercy, that I could admit
All sorts should equally approue the wit,
Of this thy euen worke: whose growing fame
Shall raise thee high, and thou it, with thy Name.
And did not Manners, and my Love command
Mee to forbear to make those vnderstand,
Whome thou, perhaps, hast in thy wiser doome
Long since, firmly resolu'd, shall neuer come
To know more then they do; I would haue showne
To all the world, the Art, which thou alone
Hast taught our tongue, the rules of Time, of Place,
And other Rites, deliuer'd, with the grace
Of Comick stile, which onely, is farre more,
Then any English Stage hath knowne before.
But since our subtle Gallants thinke it good
To like of nought, that may be vnderstood,
Least they should be disprou'd; or haue, at best,
Stomacks so raw, that nothing can digest
But what's obscene, or barks: Let vs desire
They may continue, simplie, to admire
Fine clothes, and strange words; and may liue, in age,
To see themselves ill-brought vpon the Stage,
And like it. Whilst thy bold, and knowing Muse
Contemnes all praise, but such as thou wouldst chuse.

F. B.
To

To my good friend. Mr. Ions.

THE strange new follies of this idle age,
In strange new formes, presented on the Stage
By thy quick *Muse*, so pleas'd iudicious eyes;
That th' once-admired antient *Comedies*
Fashions, like clothes growne out of fashion, lay
Lock'd vp from vse: vntill thy *Foxe* birth-day,
In an old garbe, shew'd so much art, and wit,
As they the *Laurell* gaue to thee, and it.

D. D.

To the ingenious Poet.

THE *Foxe*, that eas'd thee of thy modest feares,
And earth'd himselfe, aliue, into our eares,
Will so, in death, commend his worth, and thee
As neyther can, by praises, mended bee:
Tis friendly folly, thou maist thanke, and blame,
To praise a booke, whose forehed beares thy *Name*.
Then *Ions*, onely this (among the rest)
I, euer, haue obseru'd, thy last work's best:
Pase, gently on; thy worth, yet higher, raise;
Till thou write best, as well as the best *PLAYES*.

I. C.

To his deare Friend, Benjamin Ionsen

his

VOLPONE.

Come, yet, more forth, VOLPONE, and thy chase
Performe to al length, for thy breath wil serue thee;
The Vsurer shal, neuer, weare thy case:
Men do not hunt to kill, but to preserve thee.
Before the best houndes, thou dost, still, but play;
And, for our whelpes, alasse, they yelp in vaine:
Thou hast no earth; thou hunt'st the Milke-white way
And, through th' Elisian feilds, dost make thy traine.
And as the Symbole of lifes Guard, the HARE,
That, sleeping, wakes; and, for her feare, was saft:
So, thou shalt be aduanc'd, and made a Starre,
Pole to all witts, beleen'd in, for thy craft.
In which the Scenes both Marke, and Mystery
Is hit, and sounded, to please best, and worst;
To all which, since thou mak'st so sweete a cry,
Take all thy best fare, and be nothing curst.

G. C.

To my worthily-esteemed Mr. Ben:
Jonson.

VOLPONE now is dead indeed, and lies
Exposed to the censure of all eies,
And mouth's; Now he hath run his traine, and show'n
His subtill body, where he best was knowne;
In both *Minerva's Cittyes*: he doth yeeld,
His well-form'd-limbes vpon this open field.
VVho, if they now appeare so faire in fight,
How did they, when they were endew'd with spright
Of Action? Yet in thy praise let this be read,
The FOXE will liue, when all his hounds be dead.

E. S.

To the true Mr. in his
Art, B. Jonson.

Forgiue thy friends; they would, but cannot praise,
Inough the wit, art, language of thy PLAYES:
Forgiue thy foes; they will not praise thee. Why?
Thy Fate hath thought it best, they should enuy.
Faith, for thy FOXES sake, forgiue then those
Who are nor worthy to be friends, nor foes.
Or, for their owne braue sake, let them be still
Fooles at thy mercy, and like what they will.

I. F.

THE PERSONS OF THE COMOEDYE.

VOLPONE, <i>a Magnifico.</i>	POLITIQUE WOVLDBEE, <i>a Knight.</i>
MOSCA, <i>his Parasite.</i>	
VOLTORE, <i>an Advocate.</i>	PEREGRINE, <i>a Gent-travailer.</i>
CORBACCIO, <i>an olde Gentleman.</i>	BONARIO, <i>a yong Gentleman.</i>
CORVINO, <i>a Marchant.</i>	FINE MADA, WOVLDBEE; <i>the Knights wife.</i>
AVOCATORI. 4. <i>Magistrates.</i>	CELIA, <i>the Merchants wife.</i>
NOTARIO, <i>the Register.</i>	COMMANDADORI, <i>Officers.</i>
NANO, <i>a Dwarf.</i>	MERCATORI. 3. <i>Merchants.</i>
CASTRONE, <i>an Eunuch.</i>	ANDROGYNO, <i>a Hermaphrodite.</i>
GREGG.	SERVITORE, <i>a servant.</i>
	WOMEN. 2.

THE ARGVMENT.

Volpone, childlesse, rich, faines sick, despaires,
Offers his state to hopes of seuerall heyres,
Lies languishing; His *Parasite* receaues
Presents of all, assures, deludes: Then weaues
Other crosse-plots, which ope'themselues, are told.
New tricks for safety, are sought; They thrue: When, bold,
Each tempt's th'other againe, and all are sold.

The

The PROLOGVE.

Now, luck God send vs, and a little wit
will serue, to make our P L A Y hit;
(According to the palates of the season)

Here is ri me, not emptie of reason:
This we were bid to credit, from our Poët,
Whose true scope, if you would knowe it,
In all his Poëmes, still, hath beene this measure,
To mixe profit, with your pleasure;
And not as some (whose throates their enuie sayling)
Crie hoarcely, All he writes, is rayling :
And, when his PLAYES come forth, thinke they can flout them,
With saying, He was a yeare about them.
To these there needes no Lye, but this his creature,
Which was, two monthes since, no feature ;
And, though he dares giue them fine lines to mend it,
'Tis knowne, fine weekes fully pen'd it :
From his owne hand, without a Co-adiutor,
Nowice, Iorney-man, or Tutor.
Yet, thus much I can giue you, as a token
Of his PLAYES worth, No egges are broken ;
Nor quaking Custards with feirce teeth affrighted,
Wherewith your route are so delighted ;
Nor haies hee in a Gull, old ends reciting,
To stop gappes in his loose writing ;
With such a deale of monstrous, and forc'd action :
As might make Bethlem a faction:
Nor made he' his P L A Y, for iests, stolne from each Table,
But makes iests, to fit his Fable.
And, so presents quick Comoedy, refined,
As best Criticks haue designed,
The Lawes of Time, Place, Persons he obserueth,
From no needefull Rule he swerueth.
All gall, and coppresse, from his inke, he drayneth,
Onelie, a little salt remaineth;
Wherewith, hee'll rub your cheekes, till (red with laughter)
They shall looke fresh, a weeke after.

THE FOXE.

ACT, I. SCENE, I.

VOLPONE. MOSCA.

Good morning to the Day; and, next, my Gold:
Open the shrine, that I may see my *Saint*.
Hayle the worlds soule, and mine. More glad then is
The teeming earth, to see the longd-for *Sunne*
Peepe through the hornes of the *Celestiall Ram*,
Am I, to view thy splendor, darkening his :
That lying here, amongst my other hoordes,
Shew't like a flame, by night; or like the Day
Strooke out of *Chaos*, when all darkenes fled
Vnto the center. O thou Sonne of *Sol*,
(But brighter then thy father) let me kisse,
With adoration, thee, and euery relique
Of sacred treasure, in this blessed roome.
Well did wise *Poets*, by thy glorious name,
Title that age, which they would haue the best;
Thou being the best of things : and far transcending
All stile of ioy, in children, parents, friends,
Or any other waking dreame on earth.
Thy lookes when they to *Venus* did ascribe,
They should haue giu'n her twenty thousand *Cupids*;
Such are thy beauties, and our loues. Deare *Saint*,
Riches, the dombe God, that giu't all men tongues;
That canst doe naught, and yet mak't men doe all things;
The price of soules; euen hell, with thee to boote,
Is made worth heauen. Thou art vertue, fame,
Honor, and all things else. Who can get thee
He shall be noble, valiant, honest, wise, —

M o s. And what he will Sir. Riches are in fortune

THE FOXE.

A greater good, then wisdom is in nature.
V O L P. True, my beloued *Mosca*. Yet, I glory
More in the cunning purchasse of my wealth,
Then in the glad possession; since I gaine
No common way: I vse no trade, no venter;
I wound no earth with plow-shares; fat no beasts
To feede the Shambles; haue no mills for iron,
Oyle, corne, or men, to grinde hem into poulder;
I blow no subtill glasse; expose no shipps
To threatnings of the furrow-faced sea;
I turne no moneys, in the publike banke;
Nor vsure priuate. M o s. No Sir, nor deuoure
Soft prodigalls. You shall ha' some will swallow
A melting heire, as glibly, as your *Dutch*
Will pills of butter, and nere purge for't;
Tear e forth the fathers of poore families
Out of their beds, and coffin them aliue,
In some kinde, clasping prison, where their bones
May be forth-comming, when the flesh is rotten:
But your sweet nature doth abhorre these courses;
You loath, the widdowes, or the orphans teares
Should washe your pauements; or their pityous cries
Ring in your roofes: and beate the ayre, for vengeance.
V O L P. Right, *Mosca*, I do loath it. M o s. And besides, Sir,
You are not like a thresher, that doth stand
With a huge flaile, watching a heape of corne,
And, hungry, dares not taste the smallest graine,
But feedes on mallowes, and such bitter herbes;
Nor like the merchant, who hath fill'd his vaults
With *Romagnia*, and rich *Candian* wines,
Yet drinks the lees of *Lombards* vinegar:
You will not lie in straw, whilst mothes, and wormes
Feed on your sumptuous hangings, and soft bedds.
You know the vse of riches, and dare giue, now,
From that bright heape, to mee, your poore obseruer,
Or to your *Dwarfe*, or your *Hermaphrodite*,

Your

THE FOXE.

Your *Eunuch*, or what other household-trifle
Your pleasure allowes maint' nance. V O L P. Hold thee, *Mosca*,
Take of my hand ; thou strik'st on truth, in all:
And they are enuious, terme thee *Parasite*.
Call forth my *Dwarfe*, my *Eunuch*, and my *Foole*,
And let 'hem make me sport . What should I do,
But cocker vp my *Genius*, and liue free
'To all delights, my fortune calls me too?
I haue no wife, no parent, childe, allye,
To giue my substance too ; but whom I make,
Must be my heyre : and this makes men obserue me.
This drawes newe clients, dayly, to my house,
Women, and men, of euery sexe, and age,
That bring me presents, send me plate, coyne, iewels,
With hope, that when I die, (which they expect
Each greedy minute) it shall then returne
Ten-fold vpon them ; whil'st some, couetous
Aboue the rest, seeke to engrosse me, whole,
And counter-worke, the one, vnto the other,
Contend in gifts, as they would seeme, in loue:
All which I suffer, playing with their hopes,
And am content to coyne 'hem into profit,
To looke vpon their kindnesse, and take more,
And looke on that ; still, bearing them in hand,
Letting the cherry knock against their lips,
And, drawe it, by their mouths, and back againe. How now!

ACT. I. SCENE. 2.

NANO. ANDROGYNO. CASTRONE.
VOLPONE. MOSCA.

NOW roome, for fresh Gamsters, who do will you to know,
They do bring you neither Play, nor Vniuersity Show;
And therefore do intreat you, that whatsoeuer they rehearse,
May not fare a whit the worse, for the false pase of the verse.

THE FOXE.

If you wonder at this, you will wonder more, ere we passe,
 For know, here is inclos'd the Soule of Pithagoras,
 That Ingler diuine, as hereafter shall follow;
 Which Soule (fast, and loose, Sir) came first from Apollo,
 And was breath'd into Æthalides, Mercurius his sonne,
 Where it had the gift to remember all that euer was done.
 From thence it fled forth, and made quicke transmigration
 To goldy-lockt Euphorbus, who was kill'd, in good fashion,
 At the sege of old Troy, by the Cuckold of Sparta.

Hermotimus was next (I finde it, in my Chartâ)
 To whom it did passe, where no sooner it was missing,
 But with one Pirrhus, of Delos, it learn'd to go a fishing:
 And thence, did it enter the Sophist of Greece.

From Pithagore, she went into a beautifull peece,
 Hight Aspasia, the Meretrix; and the next tosse of her
 Was, againe, of a Whore, she became a Philosopher,
 Crates the Cynick: (as it selfe doth relate it)

Since, Kings, Knights, & Beggars, Knaues, Lords & Fooles gat
 Besides, Oxe, and Asse, Cammel, Mule, Goat, and Brock,
 In all which it hath spoke, as in the Coblers Cock.

But I come not here, to discourse of that matter,
 Or his One, Two, or Three, or his great Oath, by Quater,
 His Musicks, his Trigon, his golden Thigh,
 Or his telling how Elements shift: but I

Would aske, how of late, thou hast suffered translation,
 And shifted thy coat, in these dayes of Reformation?

AND. Like one of the Reformed, a Foole, as you see,
 Counting all old Doctrine heresie:

NAN. But not on thine owne forbid meates hast thou venter'd?

AND. On fish, when first, a Carthusian I enter'd.

NAN. Why, then thy dogmaticall Silence hath left thee?

AND. Of that an obstreperous Lawyer bereft mee.

NAN. O wonderfull change! when S^r Lawyer forsooke thee,
 For Pithagore's sake, what body then tooke thee?

AND. A good dull Moyle. NAN. And how? by that meanes,
 Thou wert brought to allow of the eating of Beanes?

AND.

THE FOXE.

AND. Yes. **NAN.** But, from the Moyle, into whom didst thou passe?

AND. Into a very strange Beast, by some Writers call'd an Asse;
By others, a precise, pure, illuminate Brother,

Of those deuourre flesh, and sometimes one an other:

And will drop you forth a libell, or a sanctified lie,

Betwixt euery spooneful of a Nativity Pie.

NAN. Now quit thee, for Heauen, of that profane nation,

And gently, report thy next transmigration.

AND. To the same that I am. **NAN.** A Creature of delight?

And (what is more then a Foole) an Hermaphrodite?

Now pray thee, sweete Soule, in all thy variation,

Which Body wouldst thou choose, to take vp thy station?

AND. Troth, this I am in, euen here would I tarry.

NAN. 'Cause here, the delight of each Sexe thou canst varie?

AND. Alas, those pleasures be stale, and forsaken,

No, tis your Foole, wherewith I am so taken,

The onely one Creature, that I can call blessed:

For all other formes I haue prou'd most distressed.

NAN. Spoke true, as thou wert in Pithagoras still.

This learned opinion we celebrate will,

Fellow Eunuch (as behooues vs) with all our wit, and arte,

To dignifie that, whereof our selues are so great, and special a part.

VOL. Now very, very pretty: Mosca, this

Was thy inuention? **MOS.** If it please my Patron,

Not else. **VOL.** It doth good Mosca. **MOS.** Then it was S^r.

SONG.

Fooles, they are the onely Nation

Worth mens enuy, or admiration;

Free from care, or sorrow-taking,

Themselves, and others merry making:

All they speake, or do, is sterling.

Your Foole, he is your great mans dearling,

And your Ladies sport, and pleasures,

Tongue, and Bable are his treasure.

THE FOXE.

*His very face begetteth laughter,
And he speakes truth, free from slaughter;
He's the grace of euery feast,
And, sometimes, the cheefest guest:
Hath his trencher, and his shoole,
When wit shall waite vpon the Foole:
O, who would not bee
Hee, hee, hee?*

V O L P. Who's that? away, looke *Mosca*. M o s. Foole, be gon,
'Tis Signior *Voltore*, the Aduocate,
I know him, by his knock. V O L P. Fetch me my gowne,
My furies, and night-caps; say, my couch is changing:
And let him intertaine himselfe, a while,
Within i' th' gallery. Now, now, my clients
Beginne their visitation; *Vulture, Kite,*
Raven, and *gor-Crowe*, all my birds of prey,
That thinke me turning carcasse, now they come:
I am not for 'hem yet. How now? the newes?
M o s. A peece of plate, Sir. V O L P. Of what bignesse? M o s.
Huge,
Massie, and antique, with your name inscrib'd,
And armes ingrauen. V O L P. Good, And not a *Foxe*
Stretch'd on the earth, with fine delusiue sleights,
Mocking a gaping *Crow*? ha, *Mosca*? M o s. Sharpe, Sir.
V O L P. Giue me my furies. Why dost thou laugh so, man?
M o s. I cannot choose, Sir, when I apprehend
What thoughts he has (within) now, as he walks:
That this might be the last gift, he should giue;
That this would fetch you; if you died to day,
And gaue him all, what he should be to morrow;
What large returne would come of all his venters;
How he should worship'd bee, and reuerenc'd;
Ride, with his furies, and foote-cloths; waited on
By heards of *Fooles*, and clients; haue cleare way
Made for his noyle, as letter'd as himselfe;

THE FOXE.

Be cald the great, and learned *Aduocate*:

And then concludes, there's nought impossible.

V O L P. Yes, to be learned, *Mosca*; **M o s.** O no: rich

Implies it. Hood an asse, with reuerend purple,

So you can hide his two ambitious eares,

And, he shall passe for a *cathedrall Doctor*.

V o L P. My caps, my caps, good *Mosca*, fetch him in.

M o s. Stay, Sir, your ointment for your eyes. **V o L P.** That's true;

Dispatch, dispatch: I long to haue possession

Of my newe present. **M o s.** That, and thousands more,

I hope, to see you lord of. **V o L P.** Thankes, kind *Mosca*.

M o s. And that, when I am lost in blended dust,

And hundred such, as I am, in succession —

V o L P. Nay, that were too much, *Mosca*. **M o s.** You shall liue,

Still, to delude these *Harpyes*. **V o L P.** Louing *Mosca*,

'Tis well, my pillow now, and let him enter.

Now, my fain'd *Cough*, my *Pthisick*, and my *Gout*,

My *Apoplexie*, *Palsie*, and *Catarrhe*,

Helpe, with your forced functions, this my posture,

Wherein, this three yeare, I haue milk'd their hopes.

He comes, I heare him (vh, vh, vh, vh)ô.

ACT. 1. SCENE. 3.

MOSCA. VOLTORE. VOLPONE.

YOU still are, what you were, Sir. Onely you
(Of all the rest) are he, commands his loue:

And you do wisely to preferue it, thus,

With early visitation, and kinde notes

Of your good meaning to him, which, I know,

Cannot but come most gratefull, *Patron*, Sir.

Here's Signior *Voltore* is come— **V o L P.** What say you?

M o s. S^r. Signior *Voltore* is come, this morning,

To visit you. **V O L P.** I thanke him. **Mos.** And hath brought

A peece of antique plate, bought of S^r. *Marke*,

With

THE FOXE.

With which he here presents you. VOLP. He is welcome.
Pray him, to come more often. Mos. Yes. VOLT. What saies he?
Mos. He thanks you, and desires you see him often.

VOLP. *Mosca*. Mo. My Patron? VOLP. Bring him neare, where is
he?

I long to feele his hand. Mos. The plate is here Sr.

VOLT. How fare you Sr? VOLP. I thanke you, Signior *Voltore*.

Where is the plate? mine eyes are bad. VOLT. I'm sorry,

To see you still thus weake. Mos. That hee is not weaker.

VOLP. You are too munificent. VOLT. No Sr. would to heauen,

I could as well giue health to you, as that plate.

VOLP. You giue Sr. what you can. I thanke you. Your loue
Hath tast in this, and shall not be vnanswer'd.

I pray you see me often. VOLT. Yes, I shall Sr.

VOLP. Be not far from mee. Mos. Do you obserue that Sr?

VOLP. Harken vnto mee, still. It will concerne you.

Mos. You are a happy man Sr, know your good.

VOLP. I cannot now last long. Mos. You are his heyre Sr.

VOLT. Am I? VOLP. I feele mee going, (vh, vh, vh, vh.)

I am sayling to my port, (vh vh, vh, vh?)

And I am glad, I am so neere my hauen.

Mos. Alas, kinde gentleman, well, we must all go.

VOLT. But, *Mosca*. Mos. Age will conquer. VOLT. Pray thee
heare mee.

Am I inscrib'd his heire, for certaine? Mos. Are you?

I do beseech you Sr. you will vouchsafe

To write me, i' your family. All my hopes,

Depend vpon your worship; I am lost,

Except the rising Sunne do shine on me.

VOLT. It shall both shine, and warme thee, *Mosca*. Mos. Sr.

I am a man, that haue not done your loue

All the worst offices, here I weare your keys,

See all your coffers, and your caskets lockt,

Keepe the poore inuentorie of your iewels,

Your plate, and moneyes, am your Steward Sr.

Husband your goods here. VOLT. But am I sole heyre?

Mos.

THE FOXE.

M o s. without a partner S^r. confirme this morning;
The waxe is warme yet, and the inke scarfe dry
Vpon the parchment: V o l t. Happy, happy mee!
By what good chance, sweete *Mosca*? M o s. Your desert Sir;
I know no second cause. V o l t. Thy modesty
Is loath to know it; well, we shall requite it.
M o s. He euer lik'd your course S^r. that first tooke him.
I, oft, haue heard him say, how he admir'd
Men of your large profession, that could speake
To euery cause, and things mere contraries,
Till they were hoarse againe, yet all bee *Law*;
That, with most quicke agility, could turne,
And returne; make knots, and vndoe them;
Giue forked counsell; take prouoking gold
On cyther hand, and put it vp: These men,
He knewe, would thriue, with their humility.
And (for his part) he thought, he should be blest
To haue his heyre of such a suffering spirit,
So wise, so graue, of so perplex'd a tongue,
And loud withall, that would not wag, nor scarce
Lie still, without a fee; when euery word
Your worship but lets fall, is a *Cecchine*.
Who's that? One knockes, I would not haue you seene S^r.
And yet—pretend you came, and went in hast;
He fashion an excuse. And, gentle Sir,
When you do come to swim, in golden lard,
Vp to the armes, in honey, that your chin
Is borne vp stiffe, with fatnesse of the flood,
Thinke on your vassall; but remember mee:
I ha' not beene your worst of clients. V o l t. *Mosca*—
M o s. When will you haue your inuentory brought, S^r?
Or see a copy of the Will? Anone,
He bring 'hem to you Sir. Away, be gon,
Put businesse i' your face. V o l p. Excellent *Mosca*!
Come hither, let me kisse thee. M o s. Keepe you still Sir.

THE FOXE.

Here is *Corbaccio*. V O L P. Set the plate away,
The Vulture's gone, and the old Rauen's come.

ACT. I. SCENE. 4.

MOSCA. CORBACCIO. VOLPONE.

BEtake you, to your silence, and your sleepe :
Stand there, and multiply. Now, shall we see
A wretch, who is (indeed) more impotent,
Then this can fayne to bee; yet hopes to hop
Ouer his graue. Signior *Corbaccio*,

Yo' are very welcome, Sir. C O R B. How do's your Patron ?

M o s. Troth as he did, Sir, no amends. C O R B. What mends
hee?

M o s. No, Sir : he is rather worse. C O R B. That's well. Where
is hee ?

M o s. Vpon his couch Sir, newly fall'n a sleepe.

C O R B. Do's hee sleepe well ? M o s. No winke, Sir, all this night,
Nor yesterday, but slumbers. C O R B. Good. He should take
Some counsell of *Physitians*: I haue brought him

An *Opiate* here, from mine owne *Doctor*—

M o s. He will not heare of drugs. C O R B. Why ? I my selfe
Stood by, while 't was made; saw all th'ingredients:

And know, it cannot but most gently worke.

My life for his, 'tis but to make him sleepe.

V O L P. I, his last sleepe, if he would take it. M o s. Sir.

He ha's no faith in Physick: C O R B. Say you? 'say you?

M o s. He has no faith in Physick: He do's thinke

Most of your *Doctors* are the greater danger,

And worse disease, t'escape. I often haue

Heard him protest, that your *Physitian*

Should neuer be his heyre. C O R B. Not I his heyre?

M o s. Not your *Physitian*, Sir. C O R B. O, no, no, no,

I do not meane it. M o s. No Sir, nor their fees

He

THE FOXE.

He cannot brooke: He sayes, they flea a man,
Before they kill him. C O R B. Right, I conceiue you.
M o s. And then, they doe it by experiment;
For which the *Law* not onely doth absolue hem,
But giues them great reward: And, he is loath
To hire his death, so. C O R B. It is true, they kill,
With as much licence, as a Iudge. M o s. Nay more;
For he but kills, Sir, where the *Law* condemnes,
And these can kill him, too; C O R B. I, or mee:
Or any man. How do's his *Apoplexi*?
Is that strong on him, still? M o s. Most violent.
His speech is broken, and his eyes are set,
His face drawne longer, then t'was wont— C O R B. How? how?
Stronger, then he was wont? C O R B. No, Sir: his face
Drawne longer, then t'was wont. C O R B. O, good. M o s. His
mouth
Is euer gaping, and his eye-lids hang. C O R B. Good.
M o s. A freezing numnesse stiffens all his ioynts,
And makes the colour of his flesh like lead. C O R B. 'Tis
good.
M o s. His pulse beats slow, and dull. C O R B. Good *symptomes*,
still.
M o s. And, from his braine— C O R B. Ha? how? not, from his
braine?
M o s. Yes, Sir, and from his braine— C O R B. I conceiue you, good.
M o s. Flowes a cold sweat, with a continuall reweine,
Forth the resolu'd corners of his eyes.
C O R B. Is't possible? yet I am better, ha!
How do's he, with the *swimming of his head*?
M o s. O, Sir tis past the *Scotomy*; he, now,
Hath lost his feeling, and hath left to snort:
You hardly can perceiue him, that he breaths.
C O R B. Excellent, excellent, sure I shall outlast him:
This makes me yong againe, a score of yeares.
M o s. I was a coming for you, Sir. C O R B. Has he made his Will?
What has he giu'n me? M o s. No, Sir. C O R B. Nothing? ha?
M o s.

THE FOXE.

M o s. He has not made his Will, Sir. C o r b. Oh, oh, oh.
But what did *Voltore*, the Lawyer, here?

M o s. He smelt a carcasse Sir, when he but heard
My maister was about his Testament;

As I did vrge him to it, for your good —

C o r b. He came vnto him, did he? I thought so.

M o s. Yes, and presented him this peece of plate.

C o r b. To be his heire? M o s. I do not know Sir. C o r b. True,

I know it too. M o s. By your owne scale, Sir. C o r b. Well,

I shall preuent him, yet. See *Mosca*, looke,

Here, I haue brought a bag of bright *Cecchines*,

Will quite weigh downe his plate. M o s. Yea marry, Sir.

This is true Physick, this your *sacred Medicine*,

No talke of *Opiates*, to this great *Elixir*.

C o r b. 'Tis *Aurum palpabile*, if not *potabile*.

M o s. It shall be minister'd to him, in his boule?

C o r b. I, doe, doe, doe. M o s. Most blessed *Cordiall*,

This will recouer him. C o r b. Yes, doe, doe, doe.

M o s. I thinke, it were not best, Sir. C o r b. What? M o s. To
recouer him.

C o r b. O, no, no, no; by no meanes. M o s. Why, Sir. this
Will worke some strange effect, if he but feele it.

C o r b. 'Tis true, therefore forbear; Ile take my venter:

Giue mee't againe. M o s. At no hand, pardon mee;

You shall not doe your selfe that wrong S^r. I

Will so aduise you, you shall haue it all.

C o r b. How? M o s. All S^r. 'tis your right, your own; no man

Can claime a part: 'tis yours, without a riuall,

Decre'd by destiny. C o r b. How? how, good *Mosca*?

M o s. Ile tell you S^r. This fit he shall recouer;

C o r b. I do conceiue you. M o s. And, on first aduantage

Of his gain'd sense, will I re-importune him

Vnto the making of his Testament:

And shew him this. C o r b. Good, good. M o s. 'Tis better yet,

If you will heare, Sir. C o r b. Yes, with all my heart.

M o s. Now, would I counsell you, make home with speed;

There

THE FOXE.

There, frame a Will; whereto you shall inscribe
My maister your sole heyre. C O R B. And disinherit
My sonne? M o s. O Sir, the better: for that colour
Shall make it much more taking. C O R B. O, but colour?
M o s. This Will Sir, you shall send it vnto me.
Now, when I come to inforce (as I will do)
Your cares, your watchings, and your many prayers,
Your more then many gifts, your this dayes present,
And, last, produce your Will; where (without thought,
Or least regard, vnto your proper issue,
A sonne so braue, and highly meriting)
The streame of your diuerted loue hath throwne you
Vpon my maister, and made him your heyre:
He cannot be so stupide, or stone dead,
But, out of conscience, and mere gratitude—
C O R B. He must pronounce me, his? M o s. 'Tis true. C O R B. This
plot
Did I thinke on before. M o s. I do beleecue it.
C O R B. Do you not beleecue it? M o s. Yes Sir. C O R B. Mine
own proiect.
M o s. Which when he hath done, Sir. C O R B. Publish'd me his
heire?
M o s. And you so certaine, to suruiue him. C O R B. I.
M o s. BEEING so lusty a man. C O R B. 'Tis true. M o s. Yes Sir,
C O R B. I thought on that too. See, how he should be
The very organ, to expresse my thoughts!
M o s. You haue not onely done your selfe a good,
C O R B. But multiplied it on my sonne? M o s. 'Tis right, Sir.
C O R B. Still, my inuention. M o s. 'Lasse Sir, heauen knowes,
It hath beene all my study, all my care,
(I'cene grow grey withall) how to worke things—
C O R B. I do conceiue, sweet *Mosca*. M o s. You are he,
For whom I labour, here. C O R B. I, doe, doe, doe:
Ile straight about it. M o s. Rooke go with you, Rauens.
C O R B. I know thee honest. Mos. You do lie, Sir. C O R B. And—
M o s. Your knowledge is no better then your cares, Sir.

THE FOXE.

C O R B. I do not doubt, to be a father to thee.

M o s. Nor I, to gull my brother of his blessing.

C O R B. I may ha' my youth restor'd to mee, why not?

M o s. Your worship is a precious asse. C O R B. What saist thou?

M o s. I do desire your worship, to make hast, Sir.

C O R B. 'Tis done, 'tis done, I go. V O L P. O, I shall burst;

Let out my sides, let out my sides— M o s. Containe

Your fluxe of laughter, Sir; you know, this hope

Is such a baite, it couers any hooke.

V O L P. O, but thy working, and thy placing it!

I cannot hold; good rascall, let me kisse thee:

I neuer knew thee, in so rare a humor.

M o s. Alas Sir, I but do, as I am taught;

Follow your graue instructions; giue 'hem words;

Powre oyle into their eares: and send them hence.

V O L P. 'Tis true, 'tis true. What a rare punishment

Is auarice, to it selfe? M o s. I, with our helpe, Sir.

V O L P. So many cares, so many maladies,

So many feates attending on old age,

Yea, death so often call'd on, as no wish

Can be more frequent with 'hem, their limbes faint,

Their senses dull, their seeing, hearing, going

All dead before them; yea, their very teeth,

Their instruments of eating, failing them:

Yet this is reckon'd life! Nay, here was one,

Is now gone home, that wishes to liue longer!

Feeles not his gout, nor palsy, faines himselfe

Yonger, by scores of yeares, flatters his age,

With confident belying it, hopes he may

With charmes, like *Æson*, haue his youth restor'd,

And with these thoughts so battens, as if *Fate*

Would be as easily cheated on, as he,

And all turnes ayre! Who's that, there, now? a third?

M o s. Close, to your couch againe: I heare his voice.

THE FOXE.

It is *Coruino*, our spruce merchant. V O L P. Dead.

M o s. Another bout, Sir, with your eyes. Who's there?

ACT. I. SCENE. 5.

M O S C A. C O R V I N O. V O L P O N E.

S Ignior *Coruino*! come most wisht for! O,
How happy were you, if you knew it, now!

C O R V. Why? what? wherein? M o s. The tardie houre is
come, Sir.

C O R V. He is not dead? M o s. Not dead, Sir, but as good;
He knowes no man. C O R V. How shall I do then? M o s. Why
sir?

C O R V. I haue brought him, here, a Pearle. M o s. Perhaps, he has
So much remembrance left, as to know you, Sir;
He still calls on you, nothing but your name
Is in his mouth: Is your Pearle orient, Sir?

C O R V. *Venice* was neuer owner of the like.

V O L P. Signior *Coruino*. M o s. Hearke. V O L P. Signior
Coruino.

M o s. He calls you, step and giue it him. H'is here, Sir,
And he has brought you a rich Pearle. C O R V. How doe you
Sir?

Tell him, it doubles the twelfe *Caract*. M o s. Sir,

He cannot vnderstand, his hearing's gone;

And yet it comforts him, to see you—C O R V. Say,

I haue a Diamant for him, too. M o s. Best shew 't Sir,

Put it into his hand; 'tis onely there

He apprehends: He has his feeling, yet.

See, how he graspes it! C O R V. Lasse, good gentleman!

How pittifull the sight is! M o s. Tut, forget Sir.

The weeping of an heyre should still be laughter,

Vnder a visor. C O R V. Why? am I his heyre?

M o s. Sir, I am sworne, I may not shew the Will,

Till he be dead: But, here has beene *Corbaccio*,

Here

THE FOXE.

Here has beene *Voltore*, here were others too,
 I cannot number 'hem, they were so many,
 All gaping here for legacyes; but I,
 Taking the vantage of his naming you,
 (Signior *Coruino*, Signior *Coruino*,) tooke
 Paper, and pen, and ynke, and there I ask'd him,
 Whom he would haue his heyre? *Coruino*: Who
 Should be executor, *Coruino*: And,
 To any question, he was silent too,
 I still interpreted the noddies, he made,
 (Through weakenesse) for consent: and sent home th' others,
 Nothing bequeath'd them, but to crie, and curse.

C O R V. O, my deare *Mosca*. Do's he not perceiue vs?
 M o s, No more then a blinde harper. He knowes no man,
 No face of friend, nor name of any seruant,
 Who't was that fed him last, or gaue him drinke:
 Not those, he hath begotten, or brought vp
 Can he remember. C O R V. Has he children? M o s. Bastards,
 Some dozen, or more, that he begot on beggars,
Gipseys, and *Iewes*, and *Black-moores*, when he was drunke.
 Knew you not that Sir? 'Tis the common fable.
 The *Dwarfe*, the *Foole*, the *Eunuch* are all his;
 H' is the true father of his familie,
 In all, saue mee: but he has giu'n 'hem nothing.

C O R V. That's well, that's well. Art sure he does not heare vs?
 M o s. Sure Sir? why looke you, credit your owne sense.
 The *Poxe* approach, and adde to your diseases,
 If it would sende you hence the sooner, Sir.
 For, your incontinence, it hath deseru'd it
 Thoroughly, and thoroughly, and the *Plague* to boot.
 (You may come neere, Sir) Would you would once close
 Those filthy eyes of yours, that flowe with slime,
 Like two frog-pits; and those same hanging cheekes,
 Couer'd with hide, in steede of skinned: (nay helpe, Sir)
 That looke like frozen dish-clouts, set on end.

C O R V. Or, like an old Imoak'd wall, on which the raine

THE FOXE.

Ran downe in streakes. M o s. Excellent, Sir, speake out;
You may be lowder yet: A Culuering,
Discharged in his eare, would hardly bore it.

C o r v. His nose is like a common sewre, still running;

M o s. Tis good: and, what his mouth? C o r v. A very draught.

M o s. O stop it vp— C o r v. By no meanes; M o s. Pray you let mee.

Faith, I could stifle him, rarely, with a pillow,
As well, as any woman, that should keepe him.

C o r v. Do as you will, but Ile be gone. M o s. Be so;
It is your presence makes him last so long.

C o r v. I pray you, vse no violence. M o s. No, Sir? why?
Why should you be thus scrupulous? pray you, Sir.

C o r v. Nay, at your discretion. M o s. Well, good Sir, be gone.

C o r v. I will not trouble him now, to take my Pearle?

M o s. Puh, nor your Diamant. What a needlesse care
Is this afflicts you? Is not all, here, yours?

Am not I here? whom you haue made? your creature?

That owe my being to you? C o r v. Gratefull Mosca:

Thou art my friend, my fellow, my companion,

My partner, and shalt share in all my fortunes.

M o s. Excepting one. C o r v. Whats that? M o s. Your gallant wife, Sir.

Now, is he gone; we had no other meanes,

To shoote him hence, but this. V o l p. My diuine Mosca!

Thou hast to day out-gone thy selfe. Who's there?

I will be troubled with no more. Prepare

Me musicke, dances, banquets, all delights;

The Turke is not more sensuall, in his pleasures,

Then will Volpone. Let me see, a Pearle?

A Diamant? Plate? Cecchines? good mornings purchases

Why, this is better then rob Churches, yet:

Or fat, by eating (once a mon'th) a man.

Who is't? M o s. The beauteous Lady Would-bee, Sir.

D

Wife

THE FOXE.

Wife, to the *English* Knight, Sir *Politique* *Would-bee*,
(This is the stile, Sir, is directed mee)

Hath sent to know, how you haue slept to night,
And if you would be visited. V O L P. Not, now.

Some three houres, hence—M o s. I told the *Squire*, so much.

V O L P. When I am high with mirth, and wine; then, then,

'Fore heauen, I wonder at the desperate valure

Of the bold *English*, that they dare let loose

Their wiues, to all encounters! M o s. Sir, this Knight

Had not his name for nothing, he is *politique*,

And knowes, how ere his wife affect strange ayres,

She hath not yet the face, to be dishonest.

But, had she Signior *Cornino's* wiues face—

V O L P. Has she so rare a face? M o s. O Sir, the wonder,

The blazing Starre of *Italy*; a wench

O'the first yeare, a beauty, ripe, as haruest!

Whose skinne is whiter then a *Swan*, all ouer!

Then *siluer*, *snow*, or *lillies*! a soft lip,

Would tempt you to eternity of kissing!

And flesh, that melteth, in the touch, to bloud!

Bright as your gold, and louely, as your gold!

V O L P. Why had not I knowne this, before? M o s. Alas,
Sir,

My selfe, but yesterday, discover'd it.

V O L P. How might I see her? M o s. O, not possible;

Shee's kept as warily, as is your gold:

Neuer do's come abroad; neuer takes ayre,

But at a windore. All her lookes are sweet,

As the first grapes, or cherries; and are watch'd

As neare, as they are. V O L P. I must see her—M o s. Sir,

There is a guard, of ten spies thick, vpon her;

All his whole household: each of which is set

Vpon his fellow, and haue all their charge,

When he goes out, when he comes in, examin'd.

V O L P. I will go see her, though but at her windore.

M o s.

THE FOXE.

Mos. In some disguise, then? V O L P. That is true, I must
Maintaine mine owne shape, still, the same: we'll thinke.

ACT. 2. SCENE, I.

POLITIQUE WOVL-BEE. PEREGRINE.

Sir, to a wise man, all the world's his soile.
It is not *Italy*, nor *France*, nor *Europe*,
That must bound me, if my *Fates* call me forth.
Yet, I protest, it is no salt desire
Of seeing *Countries*, shifting a *Religion*,
Nor any dis-affection to the *State*
Where I was bred, (and, vnto which I owe
My dearest plots) hath brought me out; much lesse,
That idle, antique, stale, grey-headed proiect
Of knowing mens mindes, and manners, with *Plisses*:
But, a peculiar humour of my wiues,
Layd for this height of *Venice*, to obserue,
To quote, to learne the language, and so forth—
I hope you trauell, Sir, with licence? P E R. Yes;
P O L. I dare the safelier conuerse-- How long, Sir,
Since you left *England*? P E R. Seauen weekes. P O L. So lately!
You ha' not beene with my Lord *Ambassador*?
P E R. Not yet, Sir. P O L. Pray you, what newes, Sir, vents our
climate?
I heard, last night, a most strange thing reported
By some of my Lords followers, and I long
To heare, how't will be seconded! P E R. What was't, Sir?
P O L. Marry, Sir, of a Rauen, that should build
In a ship royall of the *Kings*. P E R. This fellow
Do's he gull me, trow? or is gull'd? your name, Sir?
P O L. My name is *Politique Would-bee*. P E R. O, that speaks him.
A Knight, Sir? P O L. A poore Knight, Sir. P E R. Your Lady
Lies here, in *Venice*, for intelligence

THE FOXE.

Of tires, and fashions, and behauiour,

Among the Curtizans? the fine *Lady Would-be*?

P O L. Yes; Sir; the spider, and the bee, oft times,
Suck from one flower. P E R. Good Sir *Politique*!

I crie you mercy; I haue heard much of you:

Tis true, Sir, of your Rauens. P O L. On your knowledge?

P E R. Yes, and your Lions whelping, in the *Tower*.

P O L. Another whelp? P E R. Another, Sir. P O L. Now heauen!

What prodigies be these? The Fires at *Berwike*!

And the new *Starre*! these things concurring, strange!

And full of *omen*! Saw you those *Meteors*?

P E R. I did Sir. P O L. Fearefull! Pray you Sir, confirme me,

Were there three Porcpiscēs seene, about the *Bridge*,

As they giue out? P E R. Sixe, and a Sturgeon, Sir.

P O L. I am astonish'd. P E R. Nay Sir, be not so;

Ile tell you a greater prodigie, then these—

P O L. What should these things portend! P E R. The very day

(Let me be sure) that I put forth from *London*,

There was a Whale discover'd, in the riuer,

As high as *Woolwich*, that had waited there

(Few know how many moneths) for the subuersion

Of the *Stode-Fleete*. P O L. Is't possible? Beleeue it,

'Twas either sent from *Spaine*, or the *Arch-duke*,

Spinola's Whale, vpon my life, my credit;

Will they not leaue these proiects? Worthy Sir,

Some other newes. P E R. Faith, *Stone*, the Foole, is dead;

And they do lack a tauerne-Foole, extremely.

P O L. Is *Mas's Stone* dead? P E R. H'is dead Sir; why? I hope

You thought him not immortall? O this Knight

(Were he well knowne) would be a precious thing

To fit our *English Stage*: He that should write

But such a fellow, should be thought to faine

Extremely, if not maliciously. P O L. *Stone* dead?

P E R. Dead, Lord! how deeply Sir you apprehend it?

He was no kinsman to you? P O L. That I know of.

Well! that same fellow was an vnknowne Foole.

P E R. And

THE FOXE.

P E R. And yet you know him, it seemes? P O L. I did so, Sir,
I knew him one of the most dangerous heads
Liuing within the *State*, and so I held him.

P E R. Indeed Sir? P O L. While he liu'd, in action,
He has receiu'd weckely intelligence,

Vpon my knowledge, out of the *Low Countries*,
(For all parts of the world) in cabages;

And those dispens'd, againe, to *Ambassadors*,

In oranges, musk-melons, apricocks,

Limons, pome-citrons, and such like: sometimes,

In *Colchester*-oysters, and your *Selsey*-cockles.

P E R. You make me wonder! P O L. Sir, vpon my knowledge,

Nay, I, haue obseru'd him, at your publique Ordinary,

Take his aduertisement, from a *Trauellet*

(A conceal'd *States-man*) in a trencher of meate;

And, instantly, before the meale was done,

Conuay an answer in a tooth-pick. P E R. Strange!

How could this be, Sir? P O L. Why, the meate was cut

So like his character, and so layd, as he

Must easily read the cipher. P E R. I haue heard,

He could not read, Sir. P O L. So, 'twas giuen out,

(In pollitie,) by those, that did imploy him:

But he could read, and had your *languages*,

And to't, as found a noddle. P E R. I haue heard, Sir,

That your *Babiniuns* were spies; and that they were

A kinde of subtile Nation, neare to *China*:

P O L. I, I, your *Mamuluchi*. Faith, they had

Their hand in a *French* plot, or two; but they

Were so extremely giuen to women, as

They made discouery of all: Yet I

Had my *aduises* here (on wensday last)

From one of their owne coat, they were return'd,

Made their relations (as the fashion is)

And now stand faire, for fresh imployment. P E R. Hart!

This Sir *Poll*: will be ignorant of nothing.

It seemes Sir, you know all? P O L. Not all Sir. But,

THE FOXE.

I haue some generall notions; I do loue
 To note, and to obserue: Though I liue out,
 Free from the actiue torrent, yet I'd marke
 The currents, and the passages of things,
 For mine owne priuate vse; and knowe the ebbes,
 And flowes of *State*. P E R. Beleeue it, Sir, I hold
 My selfe, in no small tie, vnto my fortunes,
 For casting mee thus luckely, vpon you;
 Whose knowledge (if your bounty equall it)
 May do me great assistance, in instruction
 For my behauiour, and my bearing, which
 Is yet so rude, and raw—P O L. Why? came you forth
 Empty of rules, for trauayle? P E R. Faith, I had
 Some common ones, from out that vulgar *Grammar*,
 Which hee, that cri'd *Italian* to mee, taught mee.
 P O L. Why, this it is, that spoiles all our braue blouds,
 Trusting our hopefull *gentry* vnto *Pedants*,
 Fellowes of out-side, and mere barke. You seeme
 To be a gentleman, of ingenuous race—
 I not professe it, but my fate hath beene
 To be, where I haue beene consulted with,
 In this high kinde, touching some great mens sonnes,
 Persons of bloud, and honor—P E R. Who be these, Sir?

ACT. 2. SCENE. 2.

MOSCA. POLITIQUE. PEREGRINE,
 VOLPONE. NANO. GREGE.

VNDER that windore, there't must be The same:
 P O L. Fellowes, to mount a banke! Did your instructor
 In the deare *Tongues*, neuer discourse to you
 Of the *Italian Montebanks*? P E R. Yes, Sir. P O L. Why,
 Here shall you see one. P E R. They are *Quack-saluers*,
 Fellowes, that liue by venting oyles, and drugs?
 P O L. Was that the character hee gaue you of them?

P E R.

THE FOXE.

P E R. As I remember, P o L. Pittie his ignorance,
They are the onely-knowing men of *Europe*,
Great, generall *Schollers*, excellent *Phisicians*,
Most admir'd *States-men*, profest *Favorites*,
And cabinet-*Councillors*, to the greatest *Princes*:
The onely *Languag'd-men*, of all the world.

P E R. And, I haue heard, they are most lewd impostors;
Made all of termes, and shreds; no lesse beliers
Of great-mens fauors, then their owne vile med'cines;
Which they will vtter, vpon monstrous othes:

Selling that drug, for two pence, ere they part,
Which they haue valew'd at twelue *Crownes*, before.

P o L. Sir, calumnies are answer'd best with silence;
Your selfe shall iudge. Who is it mounts, my friends?

M o s. *Scoto of Mantua*, Sir. P o L. Is't hee? nay, then
He proudly promise, Sir, you shall behold

Another man, then has beene phant'sied, to you.

I wonder, yet, that hee should mount his banke

Here, in this nooke, that has beene wont t'appeare

In face of the *Piazza*! Here, he comes.

V o L P. Mount *Zany*, G R E. Follow, follow, follow, follow.

P o L. See how the people follow him! hee's a man

May write 10000. *Crownes*, in Banke, here. Note,

Marke but his gesture; I do vse to obserue

The state hee keepes, in getting vp! P E R. Tis worth it, Sir.

V o L P. *Most noble Gent:; and my worthy Patrons*, it may seeme
strange, that I, your *Scoto Mautuano*, who was enen wont to fixe my
Banke in face of the publike *Piazza*, neare the shelter of the portico,
to the *Procuratia*, should, now (after eight months absence, from this
illustrious *City of Venice*) humbly retire my selfe, into an obscure
nooke of the *Piazza*;

P o L. Did not I, now, obiekt the same? P E R. Peace, Sir.

V o L P. Let me tel you: I am not (as your *Lombard Proverbe* sayth)
cold on my feete, or content to part with my commodities at a cheaper
rate, then I accustomed; looke not for it. Nor, that the calumnious
reports of that impudent detractor, and shame to our profession,
(*Alessandro*

THE FOXE.

(Alessandro Buttone, I meane) who gaue out, in publike, I was condemn'd a Sforzato to the Gallies, for poysoning the Cardinall Bemboos — Cooke, hath at all attached, much lesse dejected mee. No, no, worthie Gent: (to tell you true) I cannot indure, to see the rable of these ground Ciarlitani, that spread their clokes on the pavement, as if they meant to do feates of actiuitie, and then come in, lamely, with their mouldy tales out of Boccacio, like stale Tabarine, the Fabulist: some of them discoursing their trauels, and of their tedious captivity in the Turkes Gallies, when indeed (were the truth knowne) they were the Christians Gallies, where very temperately, they eate bread, & drunke water, as a wholesome pennance (enioyn'd them by their Confessors) for base pilseries.

P O L. Note but his bearing, and contempt of these.

V O L P. These turdy-facy-nasty-patie-lousie-farticall rogues, with one poore groats-worth of unprepar'd antimony, finely wrapt up in seuerall Scartoccios, are able, very well, to kill their twenty a weeke, and play; yet these meagre steru'd spirits, who haue halfe stopt the organs of their mindes with earthy oppilations, want not their fauourers among your shruel'd, sallad-eating Artizans: who are enioyn'd, that they may haue their halfeperth of Physick, though it purge 'hem into another world, makes no matter.

P O L. Excellent! ha you heard better Language, Sir?

V O L P. Well, let 'hem go. And Gentlemen, honourable Gentlemen, know, that for this time, our Banque, being thus remou'd from the clamours of the Canaglia, shall be the Scene of pleasure, and delight; For I haue nothing to sell, little or nothing to sell:

P O L. I told you, Sir; his ende. P E R. You did so, Sir.

V O L P. I protest, I, and my sixe seruants, are not able to make of this pretious liquor, so fast, as it is fetch'd away from my lodging, by Gentlemen of your Citty; Strangers of the Terra-ferma; worshipful Merchants; I, and Senators too: who, euer since my arriuall, haue detained mee to their vses, by their splendiferous liberalities. And worthily. For what auayles your rich man to haue his magazines stufte with Moscadelli, or the purest grape, when his Physitians prescribe him (on paine of death) to drinke nothing but water, costed with Anise-seeds? O health! health! the blessing of the rich, the riches of the poore!

who

THE FOXE.

who can buy thee at to deare a rate, since there is no enioying this world, without thee? Be not then so sparing of your purses, honorable Gentlemen, as to abridge the naturall course of life —

P E R. You see his ende? P O L. I, is't not good?

V O L. P. For, when a humide Fluxe, or Catarrhe, by the mutability of ayre, falls from your head, into an arme or shoulder, or any other part; take you a Duckat, or your Cecchine of gold, and applie to the place affected: see, what good effect it can worke. No, no, 'tis this blessed Vnguento, this rare Extraction, that hath onely power to disperse all malignant humors, that proceede, either of hot, cold, moist or windy causes —

P E R. I would he had put in dry to. P O L. 'pray you, obserue.

V O L. P. To fortifie the most indigest, and crude stomacke, I, were it of one, that (through extreame weakenesse) vomited bloud, applying onely a warme napkin to the place, after the vnction, and fricace; For the Vertigine, in the head, putting but a drop into your nostrills, likewise, behind the eares; a most soueraigne, and approoued remedy. The Mall-caduco, Crampes, Convulsions, Paralyfies, Epilepsies, Tremor-cordia, retired-Nerues, ill Vapours of the spleene, Stop-pings of the Liuer, the Stone, the Strangury, Hernia ventosa, Iliaca passio; stops a Disenteria, immediatly; easeth the torsion of the small guts: and cures Melancolia hypocondriaca, being taken and applyed, according to my printed Receipt. For, this is the Physitian, this the medicine; this counsell, this cures; this giues the direction, this works the effect: and (in summe) both together may be term'd an abstract of the theoricke, and practick in the Æsculapian Art. 'Twill cost you eight Crownes. And, Zan Fritada, 'pray thee sing a verse, extempore, in honour of it.

P O L. How do you like him, Sir? P E R. Most strangely, Il

P O L. Is not his language rare? P E R. But *Alchemy*, I neuer heard the like: or *Broughtons* bookes.

SONG.

H Ad old Hippocrates, or Galen,
(That to their bookes put medicines all in)

E

But

THE FOXE.

*But knowne this secret, they had neuer
(Of which they will bee guilty euer)
Beene murderers of so much paper,
Or wasted many a hurtlesse taper :
No Indian drug had ere beene famed,
Tabacco, Sassafras not named ;
Ne yet, of Guacum one small stick, Sir,
Nor Raymund Lullies greate Elixir.
Ne, had beene knowne the danish Gonswart.
Or Paracellus, with his long-sword.*

P E R. All this, yet, will not do, eight Crownes is high.

V O L P. No more; Gentlemen, if I had but time to discourse to you the miraculous effects of this my oyle, surnamed oglio del Scoto, with the count-lesse Catalogue of those I haue cured of th' aforesayd, and many more diseases, the Pattents and Priuiledges of all the Princes, and Common-wealthes of Christendome, or but the depositions of those that appear'd on my part, before the Signiry of the Sanità, and most learned Colledge of Physitians; where I was authorized, upon notice taken of the admirable vertues of my medicaments, and mine owne excellency, in matter of rare, and unknowne secrets, not onely to disperse them publiquely in this famous Citty, but in all the Territories, that happely lye vnder the gouernment of the most pious and magnificent States of Italy. But may some other gallant fellow say, O, there be diuers, that make profession to haue as good, and as experimented receipts, as yours: Indeed, very many haue assay'd, like Apes, in imitation of that, which is really, and essentially in mee, to make of this oyle; bestow'd great cost in furnaces, stills, alembikes, continuall fires, and preparation of the ingredients, as indeede there goes to it sixe hundred severall Simples, beside some quantity of humane fat, for the conglutination, which we buy of the Anatomistes; But, when these Practitioners come to the last decoction, blow, blow, puff, puff, and all flies in fumo: ha, ha, ha. Poore wretches! I rather pittie their folly, and indiscretion, then their losse of time, and money; for those may be recover'd by industry: but to be a Foole borne is a disease incurable. For my selfe, I alwaies from my youth haue

indenor'd

THE FOXE

indeauor'd to get the rarest secrets, and booke them; eyther in exchange, or for money; I spared nor cost, nor labour, where any thing was worthy to be learned. And Gentlemen, honourable Gentlemen, I will undertake (by vertue of Chymicall Art) out of the honourable hat, that couers your head, to extract the foure Elements; that is to say, the Fire, Ayre, Water, and Earth, and returne you your self, without burne, or staine. For, whilst others haue beene at the balloo, I haue beene at my booke: and am now past the craggy pathes of study, and come to the flowrie plaines of honour, and reputation.

P O L. I do assure you, Sir, that is his ayme.

V O L P. But, to our price. P E R. And that withall, Sir. Poll.

V O L P. You all know (honourable Gentlemen) I neuer valed this ampulla, or violl, at lesse then eight Crownes, but for this time, I am content, to be depriv'd of it for sixe; sixe Crownes is the price; and lesse, in curtesie, I know you cannot offer mee; take it, or leaue it, howsoeuer, both it, and I am at your seruice. I aske you not, at the valem of the thing, for then I should demand of you a thousand Crownes, so the Cardinalls Montalto, Fernelse, the great Duke of Tuscany, my Gossip, with diuers other Princes haue giuen me; but I despise money: only to shew my affection to you, honorable Gentlemen, and your illustrious State here, I haue neglected the messages of these Princes, mine owne offices, fram'd my iourney hither, onely to present you with the fructs of my trauels. Tune your voyces once more, to the touch of your instruments, and giue the honorable assembly some delightful recreation.

P E R. What monstrous, and most painefull circumstance
Is here, to get some three, or foure Gazets?

Some three-pence, i'th whole, for that 'twill come too.

SONG.

You that would last long, list to my song,
Make no more coyle, but buy of this oyle.
Would you be euer faire? and yong?
Stout of teeth? and strong of tongue?
Tart of palat? quick of eare?

THE FOXE.

*Sharpe of sight? of nostrill cleare?
Moist of hand? and light of foot?
(Or I will come neerer to't)
Would you live free from all diseases?
Do the act, your mistres pleases;
Yet fright all aches from your bones?
Here's a medicine, for the nones.*

VOLP. Well, I am in a humor (at this time) to make a present of the small quantity my coffer contains: to the rich, in courtesie, and to the poore, for Gods sake. Wherefore, none marke; I ask'd you sixe Crownes, and sixe Crownes, at other times, you have payd mee; you shall not giue mee sixe Crownes, nor five, nor foure, nor three, nor two, nor one; nor halfe a Duckat; no, nor a Muccinigo: six pence it will cost you, or sixe hundred pound—expect no lower price, for by the banner of my front, I will not bate a bagatine, that I will haue, onely, a pledge of your loues, to carry something from amongst you, to shew, I am not contemn'd by you. Therefore, now, tesse your handkerchiefes, chearefully, chearefully; and bee aduertised, that the first heroique spirit, that deignes to grace mee, with a handkerchiefe, I will giue it a little remembrance of something, beside, shall please it better, then if I had presented it with a double Pistolet.

P.ER. Will you be that heroique Sparke, Sir Pol?

O see! the windore has preuented you.

VOLP. Lady, I kisse your bounty; and, for this timely grace, you haue done your poore Scoto of Mantua, I will retorne you, ouer and aboue my oyle, a secret, of that high, and inestimable nature, shall make you for euer enamour'd on that minute, wherein your eye first descended on so meane, yet not altogether to be despis'd an object. Here is a Poulder, conceal'd in this paper, of which, if I should speake to the worth, nine thousand volumes were but as one page, that page as a line, that line as a word; so short is this Pilgrimage of man (which some call Life) to the expressing of it: would I reflect on the price? why, the whole VVorld were but as an Empire, that Empire as a Prouince, that Prouince as a Banke, that Banke as a priuate Purse, to the purchase of it. I will, onely, tell you; it is the Poulder, that made

Venus

THE FOXE.

Venus a Goddesse (giuen her by Apollo) that kept her perpetually yong, clear'd her wrinckles, firm'd her gummes, fill'd her skinne, colour'd her hayre; From her, deriv'd to Helen, and at the sack of Troy (vnfortunately) lost: Till now, in this our age, it was as happily reeouer'd, by a studious Antiquary, out of some ruines of Asia, who sent a moyetie of it, to the Court of France (but much sophisticated) wherewith the Ladjes there, now, colour their hayre. The rest (at this present) remaines with mee; extracted, to a Quintessence: so that, where euer it but touches, in youth it perpetually preserues, in age restores the complexion; seats your teeth, did they dance like Virginall iacks, firme as a wall; makes them white, as Iuory, that were black, as —————

ACT. 2. SCENE. 3.

CORVINO. POLITIQUE.
PEREGRINE.

BLoud of the deuill, and my shame! come downe, here;
Come downe: No house but mine to make your Scene?

Signior Flaminio, will you downe, Sir? downe?

What is my wife your *Franciscina*? Sir?

No windores on the whole *Piazza*, here,

To make your properties, but mine? but mine?

Hart! ere to morrow, I shall be new christen'd,

And cald the *Pantalone di Besogniosi*,

About the towne. PER. What should this meane, Sir Poll?

POL. Some trick of State, beleecue it. I will home.

PER. It may be some designe on you: POL. I knowe not.

Ile stand vpon my gard. PER. 'Tis your best, Sir.

POL. This three weekes, all my *aduises*, all my letters

They haue beene intercepted. PER. Indeed, Sir?

THE FOXE.

Best haue a care. P O L. Nay so I will. P E R. This Knight,
I may not loose him, for my mirth, till night.

ACT. 2. SCENE. 4.

V O L P O N E. M O S C A.

O I am wounded. M o s. Where, Sir? V o l p. Not without;
Those blowes were nothing : I could beare them euer.
But angry *Cupid*, boulting from her eyes,
Hath shot himselfe into me, like a flame;
Where, now, he flings about his burning heat,
As in a furnace, some ambitious fire,
Whose vent is stopt. The fight is all within mee.
I cannot liue, except thou helpe me, *Mosca*;
My liuer melts, and I, without the hope
Of some soft ayre, from her refreshing breath,
Am but a heape of cinders. M o s. 'Lasse, good Sir,
Would you had neuer seene her. V o l p. Nay, would thou
Hadst neuer told me of her. Mos. Sir 'tis true;
I do confesse, I was vnfortunate,
And you vnhappy : but I am bound in conscience.
No lesse then duety, to effect my best
To your release of torment, and I will, Sir.
V o l p. Deare *Mosca*, shall I hope? M o s. Sir, more then deare,
I will not bidd you to dispaire of ought,
Within a humane compasse. V o l p. O, there spoke
My better Angell. *Mosca*, take my keyes,
Gold, plate, and iewells, all's at thy deuotion;
Employ them, how thou wilt; nay, coynce me, too:
So thou, in this, but crowne my longings. *Mosca*?
M o s. Vse but your patience. V o l p. So I haue. M o s. I doubt
not
But bring successe to your desires. V o l p. Nay, then,
I not repent me of my late disguise.

Mos.

THE FOXE.

M o s. If you can horne him, Sir, you neede not. V o l p. True:
Besides, I neuer meant him for my heyre.

Is not the colour of my beard, and eye-browes,
To make me knowne? M o s. No iot. V o l p. I did it well.

M o s. So well, would I could follow you in mine,
With halfe the happinesse; and, yet, I would
Escape your *Epilogue*. V o l p. But, were they gull'd

With a beleefe, that I was *Scoto*? M o s. Sir,
Scoto himselfe could hardly haue distinguish'd;
I haue not time to flatter you, wee'll part:

And, as I prosper, so applaud my art.

ACT. 2. SCENE. 5.

CORVINO. CELIA. SERVITORE.

DEath of mine honour, with the citties *Foole*?
A iugling, tooth-drawing, prating *Montebanke*?
And, at a publique windore? where whil'st hee,
With his strain'd action, and his dole of faces,
To his *drug-Lecture* drawes your itching eares,
A crewe of old, vn-mari'd, noted lechers,
Stood leering vp, like *Satyres*; and you smile,
Most graciously? and fanne your fauours forth,
To giue your hote *Spectators* satisfaction?
What; was your *Montebanke* their call? their whistle?
Or were you enamour'd on his copper rings?
His saffron iewell, with the toade-stone in't?
Or his imbroydred sute, with the cope-stitch,
Made of a herse-cloath? or his old tilt-feather?
Or his starch'd beard? well; you shall haue him, yes!
He shall come home, and minister vnto you
The *fricace*, for the *Mother*. Or, let me see,
I thinke, you had rather mount? would you not mount?
Why, if you'll mount, you may; yes truely, you may:
And so, you may be seene, downe to th' foote.

Get

THE FOXE.

Get you a citterne, *Lady Vanity*,
And be a *Dealer*, with the *Vertuous Man*;
Make one: Ile but protest my selfe a cuckold,
And saue your dowry. I am a *Dutchman*, I;
For, if you thought me an *Italian*,
You would be damn'd, ere you did this, you Whore:
Thou'ldst tremble, to imagine, that the murder
Of father, mother, brother, all thy race,
Should follow, as the subiect of my iustice.

C E L. Good Sir, haue patience. C O R V. What couldst thou
propose

Lesse to thy selfe, then, in this heate of wrath,
And stung with my dishonour, I should strike
This steele vnto thee, with as many stabs,
As thou wert gaz'd vpon with goatish eyes?

C E L. Alas Sir, be appeas'd; I could not thinke
My beeing at the windore should more, now,
Moue your impatience, then at other times:

C O R V. No? not to seeke, and entertaine a *parlee*;
With a knowne knaue? before a multitude?

You were an *Actor*, with your handkercheife;
Which he, most sweetly, kist in the receipt,
And might (no doubt) returne it, with a letter,
And point the place, where you might meete: your sisters,
Your mothers, or your aunts might serue the turne.

C E L. VVhy, deare Sir, when do I make these excuses?
Or euer stirre, abroad, but to the *Church*?

And that, so seldome--C O R V. VVell, it shall belesse;

And thy restraint, before, was liberty,

To what I now decree: And therefore, marke mee.

First, I will haue this baudy light damn'd vp;

And, till't be done, some two, or three yards of,

Ile chalke a line: ore which, if thou but (chance

To) set thy desp'rate foote; more hell, more horror,

More wilde, remorselesse rage shall seize on thee,

Then on a *Coniurer*, that had heedlesse left,

THE FOXE.

His *Circles* fastie, ere his *Devill* was layd,
Then, here's a lock, which I will hang vpon thee;
And, now I thinke on't, I will keepe thee back-wards;
Thy lodging shall bee back-wards; thy walkes back-wards;
Thy prospect-all be back-wards; and no pleasure,
That thou shalt know, but back-wards: Nay, since you force
My honest nature, know, it is your owne
Being to open, makes me vse you thus.
Since you will not containe your subtile nostrills
In a sweete roome, but, they must snuffe the ayre
Of ranke, and sweaty passengers— One knocks.
Away, and be not secne, paine of thy life;
Not looke toward the windore: if thou dost—
(Nay stay, heare this) let me not prosper, Whore,
But I will make thee an *Anatomy*,
Dissect thee mine owne selfe, and read a *lecture*
Vpon thee, to the citty, and in publique.
Away, Who's there? S E R. 'Tis Signior *Mosca*, Sir.

ACT. 2. SCENE. 6.

CORVINO. MOSCA.

Let him come in, his master's dead: There's yet
Some good, to helpe the bad. My *Mosca*, welcome;
I gesse your newes. M O S. I feare, you cannot, Sir.
C O R V. Is't not his death? M O S. Rather, the contrary.
C O R V. Not his recouery? M O S. Yes, Sir, C O R V. I am curd,
I am bewitch'd, my crosses meete to vex me.
How? how? how? how? M O S. Why, Sir, with *Scoto's* oyle;
Corbaccio, and *Voltere* brought of it,
Whilst I was busy in an inner roome—
C O R. Death! that damn'd *Mountebanke*; but, for the *Law*,
Now, I could kill the raskall: 't cannot bee,
His oyle should haue that vertue. Ha' not I
Knowne him a common rogue, come fiddling in

THE FOXE.

10 th' *Osteria*, with a tumbling whore,
 And, when he ha's done al his forc'd tricks, beene glad
 Of a poore spoonfull of dead wine, with flies in it?
 It cannot bee. All his *ingredients*
 Are a sheepes gall, a roasted bitches marrow,
 Some fewe sod earewigs pounded caterpillers,
 A little capons grease, and fasting spitle:
 I know hem, to a *dram*. M o s. I know not, Sir,
 But some on't, there, they pour'd into his eares,
 Some in his nostrills, and recouer'd him;
 Applying but the *fricace*. C o r v. Pox o' that *fricace*.
 M o s. And since, to seeme the more officious,
 And flatt'ring of his health, there, they haue had
 (At extreme tees) the *Colledge of Physitians*
 Consulting on him, how they might restore him;
 Where, one would haue a *cataplasme* of *Ipices*,
 Another a flead *Ape* clapt to his brest,
 A third would ha'it a *Dog*, a fourth an *oyle*
 With wild *Catts* skinnes: At last, they all resolu'd
 That, to preserue him, was no other meanes,
 But some yong woman must be streight sought out,
 Lusty, and ful of iuice, to sleepe by him;
 And, to this seruice (most vntrappily,
 And most vnwillingly) am I now imploy'd,
 Which, here, I thought to pre-acquaint you with,
 For your aduise, since it concernes you most,
 Because, I would not do that thing might crosse
 Your ends, on whome I haue my whole dependance, Sir:
 Yet if I do it not, they may delate
 My slacknesse to my Patron, worke me out
 Of his opinion; and there, all your hopes,
 Venters, or whatsoeuer, are all frustrate.
 I do but tell you, Sir. Besides, they are all
 Now struiuing, who shall first present him. Therefore—
 I could intreate you, breefly, conclude some-what:
 Preuent hem if you can. C o r v. Death to my hopes!

THE FOXE.

This is my villanous fortune! best to hire
 Some common Curtezan? M o s. I, I thought on that, Sir.
 But, they are all so subtle, full of art,
 And age againe, doting, and flexible,
 So as—I cannot tell—we may perchance
 Light on a queane, may cheate vs all. C o r v. Tis true.
 M o s. No, no: it must be one, that has no tricks, Sir,
 Some simple thing, a creature, made vnto it;
 Some wench you may command. Ha' you no kinswoman?
 Gods so—Thinke, thinke, thinke, thinke, thinke, thinke, thinke, Sir.
 One o' the *Doctors* offer'd, there, his daughter.
 C o r v. How! M o s. Yes, Signior *Lupo*, the *Physitian*,
 C o r v. His daughter? M o s. And a virgin, Sir. Why? Alasse
 He knowes the state of's body, what it is;
 That naught can warme his bloud, Sir, but a *fener*;
 Nor any incantation raise his spirit:
 A long forgetfullnesse hath seiz'd that part.
 Besides, Sir, who shall know it? some one, or two.
 C o r v. I pray thee giue mee leaue: If any man
 But I had had this luck—The thing in t selfe,
 I know, is nothing—Wherefore should not I
 As well command my bloud, and my affections,
 As this dull *Doctor*? In the point of honor,
 The cases are all one, of wife, and daughter.
 M o s. I heare him coming. C o r v. She shall doo't: Tis done.
 Slight, if this *Doctor*, that is not engag'd,
 Vnlesse't bee for his councill (which is nothing)
 Offer his daughter, what should I, that am
 So deeply in? I will preuent him, wretch!
 Couctous wretch! *Mosca*, I haue determin'd.
 M o s. How, Sir? C o r v. Wee'll make all sure. The party, you
 wot of,
 Shall be mine owne wife, *Mosca*. M o s. Sir. The thing,
 (But that I would not seeme to councill you)
 I should haue motion'd to you, at the first:
 And, make your count, you haue cut all their throates.
 Why! Tis directly taking a possession!

THE FOXE.

And, in his next fit, we may let him go.
 'Tis but to pul the pillow, from his head,
 And he is thratled: 't had beene done, before,
 But for your scrupulous doubts. C O R V. I, a plague on't,
 My conscience fooles my wit. Well, Ile be brieft,
 And so be thou, least they should be before vs :
 Go home, prepare him, tell him, with what zeale,
 And willingnesse, I do it; sweare it was,
 On the first hearing, (as thou mayst do, truly)
 Mine owne free motion. M o s. Sir, I warrant you,
 Ile so possesse him with it, that the rest
 Of his steru'd clients shall be banisht, all ;
 And onely you receiu'd. But come not, Sir,
 Vntill I send, for I haue something, else
 To ripen, for your good (you must not know't)
 C O R V. But do not you forget to send, now. M o s. Feare not.

ACT. 2. SCENE. 7.

CORVINO. CELIA.

WHere are you, wife? my *Celia*? wife? what, blubbering?
 Come, drye those teares. I thinke, thou thought'st mee in
 earnest?
 Ha? by this light, I talk'd so but to trie thee.
 Me thinkes, the lightnesse of the occasion -
 Should ha' confirm'd thee. Come, I am not icalous:
 C E L. No? C O R. Faith, I am not I, nor neuer was:
 It is a poore, vnprofitable humor.
 Do not I know, if women haue a will,
 They'll doo' gainst all the watches, o'the world?
 And that the feircest spies, are tam'd with gold?
 Tut, I am confident in thee thou shalt see't:
 And see, Ile giue thee cause too, to belecue it.
 Come, kisse mee. Go, and make thee ready straight,
 In all thy best attire, thy choicest iewells,

THE FOXE.

Put 'hem all on, and, with 'hem, thy best looks:
VVe are inuited to a solemne feast,
At old *Volpone's*, where it shall appeare
How far I am free, from icalousie, or feare.

ACT. 3. SCENE. I.

Mosca.

I Feare, I shall begin to grow in loue
With my deare selfe, and my most prosp'rous parts,
They do so spring, and burgeon; I can feele
A whimsie i' my bloud: (I know not how)
Successe hath made me wanton. I could skip
Out of my skinne, now, like a subtile snake,
I am so limber. O! Your *Parasite*
Is a most pretious thing, dropt from aboue,
Not bred 'mongst clods, and clot-poules, here on earth.
Imuse, the *Mysterie* was not made a *Science*,
It is so liberally profest! Almost,
All the wise world is little else, in nature,
But *Parasites*, or *Sub-parasites*. And, yet,
I meane not those, that haue your bare *Towne-art*,
To know, who's fit to feede 'hem; haue no house,
No family, no care, and therefore mould
Tales for mens eares, to baite that sense; or get
Kitchin-inuention, and some stale receipts
To please the belly, and the groine; nor those,
With their *Court-dog-trickes*, that can fawne, and flatter,
Make their reuenue out of legges, and faces,
Eccho my *Lord*, and lick away a moath:
But your fine, elegant rascall, that can rise,
And stoope (almost together) like an arrow;
Shoote through the aire, as nimbly as a starre;
Turne short, as doth a swallow; and be here,
And there, and here, and yonder, all at once;

THE FOXE.

Present to any humour, all occasion;
And change a vifor, swifter, then a thought.
This is the creature, had the art borne with him;
Toyles not to learne it, but doth practise it
Out of most excellent nature: And such sparkes,
Are the true *Parasites*, others but their *Zani's*.

ACT. 3. SCENE. 2.

MOSCA. BONARIO.

WHO's this? *Bonario*? old *Corbaccio's* sonne?
The person I was bound to seeke. Fayre Sir,
You are happ'ly met. B O N. That cannot be, by thee.
M o s. Why Sir? B O N. Nay 'pray thee know thy way, and leaue
me;
I would be loath to inter-change discourse,
With such a mate, as thou art. M o s. Curteous Sir.
Scorne not my pouerty. B O N. Not I, by heauen,
But thou shalt giue mee leaue to hate thy basenesse.
M o s. Basenesse? B O N. I Answer me, Is not thy sloth
Sufficient argument? thy flattery?
Thy meanes of feeding? M o s. Heauen, be good to me.
These imputations are too common, Sir,
And eas'ly stuck on vertue, when shee's poore;
You are vnequall to me, and how ere
Your sentence may be righteous yet you are not,
That ere you know me, thus, proceed in censure:
St. Marke beare witnesse 'gainst you, 'tis inhumane.
B O N. What? do's he weepe? the signe is soft, and good;
I do repent mee, that I was so harsh.
M o s. 'Tis true, that sway'd, by strong necessity,
I am enforc'd to eate my carefull bread
With to much obsequy; 'tis true, beside,
That I am faine to spin mine owne poore rayment,
Out of my mere obseruance, being not borne,

THE FOXE.

To a free fortune : but that I haue done
Base offices, in rending friends asunder,
Diuiding families, betraying counsellors,
Whispering false lies, or mining men with prayſes,
Train'd their credulitie with periuries,
Corrupted chaſtity, or am in loue
With mine owne tender eaſe, but would not rather
Proue the moſt rugged, and laborious courſe,
That might redeeme, my preſent eſtimation;
Let me here periſh, in all hope of goodneſſe.
B O N. This cannot be a perſonated paſſion.
I was too blame, ſo to miſtake thy nature;
'Pray thee forgiue mee: and ſpeake out thy buſneſſe.
M O S. Sir, it concernes you; and though I may ſeeme,
At firſt, to make a maine offence, in manners,
And in my gratitude, vnto my maſter,
Yet, for the pure loue, which I beare all right,
And hatred of the wrong, I muſt reueale it.
This very houre, your father is in purpoſe
To diſinherit you-- B O N. How? M O S. And thruſt you
forth,

As a mere ſtranger to his bloud; tis true, Sir:
The worke no way ingageth mee, but, as
I claime an intereſt in the generall ſtate
Of goodneſſe, and true vertue, which I heare
T'abound in you: and, for which merereſpect,
Without a ſecond ayme, Sir, I haue done it.
B O N. This tale hath loſt thee much of the late truſt,
Thou haſt with me; it is impoſſible:
I know not how to lend it any thought,
My father ſhould be ſo vnnaturall.
M O S. It is a confidence, that well becomes
Your piety; and form'd (no doubt) it is,
From your owne ſimple innocence: which makes
Your wrong more monſtrous, and abhor'd. But, Sir,
I now, will tell you more. This very minute,

THE FOXE.

Is is, or will be doing : And, if you
 Shall be but pleas'd to goe with me, Ile bring you,
 (I dare not say where you shall see, but) where
 Your care shall be a witnesse of the deed;
 Heare your selfe written *Bastard*; and profest
 The common issue of the earth. B O N. I'm maz'd.
 M o s. Sir, if I do it not, draw your iust sword,
 And score your vengeance, on my front, and face;
 Marke me your villayne: You haue too much wrong,
 And I do suffer for you, Sir. My heart
 Weepes bloud, in anguish-- B O N. Lead. I follow thee.

ACT. 3. SCENE. 3.

V O L P O N E. N A N O. A N D R O G Y N O.
 C A S T R O N E.

Mosca stayes long, me thinkes. Bring forth your sports
 And helpe, to make the wretched time more sweete.

N A N. Dwarfes, Foole, and Eunuch, well mett here wee be.

*A question it were now, whether of vs three,
 Being, all, the knowne delicates, of a rich man,
 In pleasing him, claime the precedency can?*

C A S. I claime for my selfe. A N D. And, so doth the Foole.

N A N. Tis foolish indeed: let me set you both to schoole.

First, for your Dwarfes, hee's little, and witty,

And euery thing, as it is little, is pritty;

Else, why do men say to a creature (of my shape)

So soone as they see him, it's a pritty little Ape?

And, why a pritty Ape? but for pleasing imitation

Of greater mens action, in a ridiculous fashion.

Beside, this feat body of mine doth not craue

Halfe the meat, drinke, and cloth, one of your bulkes will haue.

Admit, your Fooles face be the Mother of laughter,

Yet, for his braine, it must alwaies come after:

And, though that do feede him, it's a pittifull case,

THE FOXE.

His body is beholding to such a bad face.

V O L P. Who's there? my couch, Away, looke *Nano*, see:
Giue mee my cappes, first— go, enquire. Now, *Cupid*
Send it be *Mosca*, and with faire returne.

N A N. It is the beauteous *Madam*— V O L P. *Would-bee?* is it?

N A N. The same. V O L P. Now, torment on mee; squire her in
For she will enter, or dwell here for euer.
Nay, quickly, that my fit were past. I feare
A second hell too, that my loathing this
Will quite expell my appetite to the other:
Would she were taking, now, her tedious leaue.
Lord, how it threatens mee, what I am to suffer!

ACT. 3. SCENE. 4.

L A D Y. V O L P O N E. N A N O.
W O M E N. 2.

I thanke you, good Sir. Pray you signifie
Vnto your Patron, I am here. This band
Shewes not my neck inough (I trouble you, Sir,
Let me request you, bid one of my women
Come hether to mee) In good faith, I, am drest
Most fauorably, to day, it is no matter,
'Tis well inough. Looke, see, these petulant things,
How they haue done this! V O L P. I do feele the *Fever*
Entring, in at mine eares; O, for a charme,
To fright it hence. L A D. Come nearer: Is this curle
In his right place? or this? why is this higher
Then all the rest? you ha' not wash'd your eies, yet?
Or do they not stand euen i' your head?
Where's your fellow? call her. N A N. Now, *S^t Marke*
Deliuer vs: anone, shee'll beate her women,
Because her nose is red. L A D. I pray you, view
This tire, forsooth; are all things apt, or no?
W O M. One haire a little, here, sticks out, forsooth.

THE FOXE.

L A D. Do's't so forsooth? and where was your deare fight
When it did so, forsooth? what now? bird-cyd?

And you, too? pray you both approach, and mend it.

Now (by that light) I muse, yo' are not asham'd,
I, that haue preach'd these things, so oft, vnto you,

Read you the principles, argu'd all the grounds,

Disputed euery fitnesse, euery gracc,

Call'd you to counsell of so frequent dressings—

(N A N. More carefully, then of your fame, or honor)

L A D. Made you acquainted, what an ample dowry

The knowledge of these things would be vnto you,

Able, alone, to get you *Noble* hus bands

At your returne: And you, thus, to neglect it?

Besides, you seeing what a curious *Nation*

Th' *Italians* are, what will they say of mee?

The *English Lady* cannot dresse her selfe;

Here's a fine imputation, to our Country:

Well, goe your waies, and stay, i' the next roome.

This *fucus* was to course too, it's no matter.

Good-Sir, you'll giue 'hem entertaynement?

V O L P. The storme comes toward me. L A D. How do's my *Volp*?

V O L P. Troubled with noyse, I cannot sleepe; I dreamt

That a strange *Fury* entred, now, my house,

And, with the dreadfull tempest of her breath,

Did cleaue my roofe asunder. L A D. Beleene me, and I

Had the most fearefull dreame, could I remember't—

V O L P. Out on my fate; I ha' giu'n her the occasion

How to torment mee: shee will tell me hers.

L A D. Me thought, the *golden Mediocrity*

Polite, and delicate— V O L P. O, if you do loue mee,

No more; I sweate, and suffer, at the mention

Of any dreame: feeble, how I tremble yet.

L A D. Alasse, good soule! the Passion of the heart.

Seede-pearle were good now, boild with *sirrope of Apples*,

Tincture of Gold, and *Currall*, *Citron-pills*,

Your *Elicampagne* roote, *Misobalanes*—

THE FOXE.

V O L P. Ay me, I haue tane a grasse-hopper by the wing.

L A D. *Burnt silke*, and *Amber*, you haue *Muscadell*

Good i'the house— V O L P. You will not drinke, and part?

L A D. No, feare not that. I doubt, wee shall not get

Some *English saffron* (halfe a dram would serue)

Your sixteene *Clones*, a little *Muske*, dri'd *Mintes*,

Buglosse, and *barley-meale*— V O L P. Shee's in againe,

Before I fayn'd diseases, now I haue one.

L A D. And these appli'd, with a right scarlet-cloth—

V O L P. Another flood of words: a very torrent!

L A D. Shall I, Sir, make you a *Poultise*? V O L P. No, no, no;

I am very well: you neede prescribe no more.

L A D. I haue, a little, studied *Physick*; but, now,

I am all for *Musique*: saue, i'the forenoones,

An houre, or two, for *Paynting*. I would haue

A *Lady*, indeed, t'haue all, *Letters*, and *Artes*,

Be able to discourse, to write, to paynt,

But principall (as *Plato* holds) your *Musique*

(And, so do's wise *Pithagoras*, I take it)

Is your true rapture; when there is concent

In face, in voice, and clothes: and is, indeed,

Our sexes chiefeft ornament. V O L P. The Poet,

As old in time, as *Plato*, and as knowing,

Say's that your highest female grace is *Silence*.

L A D. Which o' your Poets? *Petrarch*? or *Tasso*? or *Dante*?

Guerrini? *Ariosto*? *Aretine*?

Cieco di Hadria? I haue read them all.

V O L P. Is euerything a cause, to my distruction?

L A D. I thinke, I ha' two or thre of hem, about mee.

V O L P. The sunne, the sea will sooner, both, stand still,

Then her æternall tongue; nothing can scape it.

L A D. Here's *Paster Fide*— V O L P. Professe obstinate silence,

That's, now, my safest. L A D. All our *English Writers*,

I meane such, as are happy in th' *Italian*,

Will deigne to steale out of this *Author*, mainely;

THE FOXE.

Almost as much, as from *Montaigné*;
He has so moderne, and facile a veine,
Fitting the time, and catching the *Court-care*.
Your *Petrarch* is more passionate, yet he,
In dayes of *Sonettina*, trusted 'hem, with much:
Dante is hard, and fewe can vnderstand him.

But, for a desperate wit, there's *Aretine*;
Onely, his *pictures* are a little obscene —

You marke mee not? V O L P. Alasse, my mind's perturb'd.

L A D. Why, in such cases, we must cure our selues,
Make vse of our *Philosophie* — V O L P. O'ay mee.

L A D. And, as we finde our passions do rebell,
Encounter 'hem with reason; or diuert 'hem,
By giuing scope vnto some other humour

Of lesser danger: As, in *politique* bodyes,
There's nothing, more, doth ouerwhelme the iudgment,

And clouds the vnderstanding, then too much
Setling, and fixing, and (as 't were) subsiding
Vpon one obiect. For the incorporating

Of these same outward things, into that part,
Which we call *mentall*, leaues some certaine faces,
That stop the *organs*, and, as *Plato* sayes,

Affassinates our knowledge. V O L P. Now, the spirit
Of patience helpe me. L A D. Come, in faith, I must
Visit you more; a dayes; and make you well:

Laugh, and be lusty. V O L P. My good *Angell* saue mee.

L A D. There was but one soie man, in all the world,
With whom I ere could sympathize; and hee,

Would lie you often, three, foure houres together,
To heare me speake: and be (sometime) so rap't,

As he would answer me, quite from the purpose,

Like you, and you are like him, iust. He discourse

(And't be but only, Sir, to bring you a sleepe)

How we did spend our time, and loues, together,

For some sixe yeares: V O L P. Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh.

THE FOXE.

LAD. For we were *Coetanei*, and brought vp—

VOLP. Some power, some fate, some fortune rescue mee.

ACT. 3. SCENE. 5.

MOSCA, LADY. VOLPONE.

GOD saue you, *Madam*. LAD. Good Sir. VOLP. *Mosca?*
welcome,

Welcome to my redemption. MOS. Why, Sir? VOLP. Oh,
Rid me of this my torture, quickly, there;

My *Madam*, with the euerlasting voyce:

The Bells, in time of pestilence, nere made

Like noyse, or were in that perpetuall motion;

The Cock-pit comes not neare it. All my house,

But now, steamd like a bath, with her thicke breath.

A *Lawyer* could not haue beene heard; nor scarce

Another Woman: such a hayle of words

She has let fall. For hells sake, ridd her hence.

MOS. Has she presented? VOLP. O, I do not care,

I'll take her absence, vpon any price,

With any losse. MOS. *Madam*. LAD. I ha' brought your Pa-
tron

A toy, a cap here, of mine owne worke— MOS. Tis well,

I had forgot to tell you, I saw your Knight,

Where you'd little thinke it—LAD. Where? MOS. Marry,

Where yet, if you make hast you may apprehend him,

Rowing vpon the water in a *gondole*,

With the most cunning Curtizan, of *Venice*.

LAD. Is't true? MOS. Pursue 'hem, and beleue your eyes:

Leaue mee, to make your gift. I knew, 'twould take.

For lightly, they, that vse themselues most licence,

Are still most icalous. VOLP. *Mosca*, hearty thanks,

For thy quick fiction, and deliuey of mee.

Now, to my hopes, what saist thou? LAD. But do you heare, Sir?

VOLP. Againe; I feare a *paroxisme*. LAD. Which way

THE FOXE.

Row'd they together? M o s. Toward the *Rialto*.

L A D. I pray you, lend me your *Dwarfe*. M o s. I pray you, take him—

Your hopes, Sir, are like happy blossomes, fayre,

And promise timely fruit, if you will stay

But the maturing; keepe you, at your couch,

Corbaccio will arriue straight, with the Will:

When he is gone, Ile tell you more. V O L P. My bloud,

My spirits are return'd; I am aliue:

And like your wanton gam'ster, at *Primerio*,

Whose thought had whisper'd to him *not go lesse*,

Me thinkes I lie, and drawe—for an encounter.

ACT. 3. SCENE. 6.

M O S C A. B O N A R I O.

S Ir, here conceald, you may here all. But 'pray you
S Haue patience, Sir; the same's your father, knocks:
I am compeld, to leaue you. B O N. Do so. Yet,
Cannot my thought imagine this a truth.

ACT. 3. SCENE. 7.

M O S C O. C O R V I N O. C E L I A. B O N A R I O.
V O L P O N E.

D Eath on me! you are come to soone, what meant you?

Did not I say, I would send? C O R V. Yes, but I feared
You might forget it, and then they preuent vs.

M o s. Preuent? did ere man hast so, for his hornes?

A *Courtier* would not ply it so, for a place.

Well, now there's no helping it, stay here;

Ile presently returne. C O R V. Where are you, *Celia*?

You know not, wherefore I haue brought you hether?

C E L. Not well, except you told mee. C O R V. Now, I will:

Hearke

THE FOXE.

Hearke hether. M o s. Sir, your father hath sent word,
It will be halfe an houre, ere he come;

And therefore, if you please to walke, the while,
Into that gallery—at the vpper end,

There are some bookes, to entertaine the time:

And Ile take care, no man shall come vnto you, Sir.

B o n. Yes, I will stay there; I do doubt this fellow.

M o s. There, he is farre inough; he can heare nothing:

And, for his father, I can keepe him of.

C o r v. Nay, now, there is no starting back; and therefore,
Resolue vpon it: I haue so decrec'd.

It must be done. Nor, would I moue't, afore,

Because I would auoyd all shifts, and tricks,

That might deny mee. C e l. Sir, let mee beseech you,

Affect not these strange trialls; if you doubt

My chastity, why lock me vp, for euer:

Make me the heyre of darkenesse. Let me liue,

Where I may please your feares, if not your trust.

C o r v. Beleeue it, I haue no such humor, I.

All that I speake, I meane; yet I am not mad:

Not home-mad, sec you? Go too, shew your selfe

Obedient, and a wife. C e l. O heauen! C o r v. I say it,

Do so. C e l. Was this the traine? C o r v. I haue told you reasons;

What the *Phisicians* haue set downe; how much,

It may concerne mee; what my ingagements are;

My meanes; and the necessity of those meanes,

For my recouery: wherefore, if you bee

Loyall, and mine, be wonne, respect my venture.

C e l. Before your honour? C o r v. Honour? tut, a breath;

There's no such thing, in nature: a mere terme

Inuented to awe fooles. What is my gold

The worse, for touching? clothes, for being look'd on?

Why, this's no more. An old, decrepite wretch,

That ha's no sense, no sinewe; takes his meate

With others fingers; onely knowes to gape,

When you do scald his gummes; a voice; a shadow;

And

THE FOXE.

And, what can this man hurt you? C E L. Lord! what spirit
Is this hath entred him? C O R V. And for your fame,
That's such a *figg*; as if I would go tell it,
Crie it, on the *Piazza*! who shall know it?
But hee, that cannot speake it; and this fellow,
Whose lippes are i' my pocket: saue your selfe,
If you'll proclaime't, you may. I know no other,
Should come to knowe it. C E L. Are heauen, and *Saints* then
nothing?
Will they be blind, or stupide? C O R V. How? C E L. Good Sir,
Be ieaious stil, emulate them; and thinke
What hate they burne with, toward euery sinne.
C O R V. I graunt you; if I thought it were a sinne,
I would not vrge you. Should I offer this
To some young *Frenchman*, or hot *Tuscan* bloud,
That had read *Arctine*, conn'd all his *printes*,
Knew euery quirke within lusts *Laborinth*,
And were profest *Critique*, in lechery;
And I would looke vpon him, and applaud him,
This were a sinne: but here, tis contrary,
A pious worke, mere charity, for Physick,
And honest politic, to assure mine owne.
C E L. O heauen, canst thou suffer such a change?
V O L P. Thou art mine honor, *Mosca* and my pride,
My ioy, my tickling, my delight: go, bring 'hem.
M o s. Please you drawe neare, Sir. C O R V. Come on, what—
You will not be rebellious? By that light—
M o s. Sir, Signior *Cornuino*, here, is come to see you,
V O L P. Oh. M o s. And, hearing of the consultation had,
So lately, for your health, is come to offer,
Or rather, Sir, to prostitute-- C O R V. Thankes, sweete *Mosca*,
M o s. Freely, vna-sk'd, or vn-intreated-- C O R. Well.
M o s. (As the true, feruent instance of his loue)
His owne most faire, and proper wife; the beauty,
Onely of price, in *Venice*-- C O R V. 'Tis well vrg'd.
M o s. To bee your comfortresse, and to preferue you.

THE FOXE.

V O L P. Alasse, I am past already. Pray you, thanke him,
For his good care, and promptnesse. But for that,
Tis a vaine labour, eene to fight, 'gainst heauen;
Applying fire to a stone: (uh, uh, uh, uh.)
Making a dead leafe grow againe. I take
His withes gently, though; and, you may tell him,
What I haue done for him: Mary, my state is hopelesse.
Will him, to pray for mee; and t' vse his fortune,
With reuerence, when he comes to it. **M O S.** Do you heare, Sir?
Go to him, with your wife. **C O R V.** Heart of my father!
Wilt thou persist thus? Come, I pray thee, come.
Thou seest 'tis nothing: *Celia*. By this hand,
I shall grow violent. Come, do't, I say.
C E L. Sir, kill mee, rather: I will take downe poyson,
Eate burning coales, do any thing— **C O R V.** Be damn'd.
(Heart) I will drag thee hence, home, by the haire;
Cry thee a strumpet, through the streetes; rip vp
Thy mouth, vnto thine eares; and slit thy nose,
Like a raw rotchet— Do not tempt mee, come,
Yeld, I am loth—(Death) I will buy some slaue,
Whom I will kill, and binde thee to him, aliue;
And, at my windore, hang you forth: deuising
Some monstrous crime, which I, in **C A P I T A L** letters,
Will eate into thy flesh, with *Aqua-fortis*,
And burning cor'siues, on this stubborne brest.
Now, by the bloud, thou hast incens'd, Ile doo't.
C E L. Sir, what you please, you may, I am your *Martyr*.
C O R V. Bee not thus obstinate, I ha' not deseru'd it:
Thinke, who it is, intreats you. Pray thee, sweete;
(Good'faith) thou shalt haue iewells, gownes, attires,
What thou' wilt thinke, and aske— Do, but, goe kisse him.
Or touch him, but. For my sake. At my sute.
This once, No? Not? I shall remember this.
Will you disgrace mee, thus? Do'you thirst my vndoing?
M O S. Nay, gentle Lady, bee aduif'd. **C O R V.** No, no.
She has watch'd her time, God's precious— this is skiruy;

THE FOXE.

'Tis very skirvie: And you are— M o s. Nay, good, Sir.
 C O R V. An errant *Locust*, by heauen, a *Locust*. Whore,
Crocodile, that hast thy teares prepar'd,
 Expecting, how thou'lt bid hem flow. M o s. Nay, 'Pray you, Sir,
 Shee will consider. C E L. Would my life would serue
 To satilfie— C O R V. (S' death) if she would but speake to him,
 And saue my reputation, 'twere somewhat;
 But, spightfully to affect my vtter ruine:
 M o s. I, now you' haue put your fortune, in her hands.
 Why i' faith, it is her modesty, I must quit her;
 If you were absent, shee would be more comming;
 I know it: and dare vndertake for her.
 What woman can, before her husband? 'pray you,
 Let vs departe, and leaue her, here. C O R V. Sweete *Celia*,
 Thou mayst redceme all, yet; Ile say no more:
 If not, esteeme your selfe as lost,—Nay, stay there.
 C E L. O *God*, and his good *Angells*! whether, whether
 Is shame fled humane breasts? that, with such ease,
 Men dare put of your honors, and their owne?
 Is that, which euer was a cause of life,
 Now plac'd beneath the basest circumstance?
 And modesty an exile made, for money?
 V o L. I, in *Cornino*, and such earth-fed mindes,
 That neuer tasted the true heau'n of loue.
 Assure thee, *Celia*, he that would sell thee,
 Onely for hope of gaine, and that vncertaine,
 He would haue sold his part of *Paradise*
 For ready money, had he met a Cope-man.
 Why art thou maz'd, to see mee thus reuiu'd?
 Rather, applaud thy beauties miracle;
 'Tis thy great worke: that hath, not now alone,
 But sundry times, rayf'd mee, in seuerall shapcs,
 And, but this morning, like a *Mountebanke*;
 To see thee at thy windore. I, before
 I would haue left my practise, for thy loue,
 In varying figures, I would haue contended

THE FOXE.

With the blew *Proteus*, or the *horned Floud*.
Now, art thou welcome. *CEL. Sir. Volp.* Nay, flie mee
not;

Nor, let thy false imagination
That I was bedrid, make thee thinke, I am so:
Thou shalt not find it. I am, now, as fresh,
As hot, as high, and, in as *Ioniall* plight,
As when (in that so celebrated *Scene*,
At recitation of our *Comædie*,
For entertayment of the great *Valoys*)
I acted yong *Antinoüs*; and a racted
The eyes, and eares of all the *Ladies*, present,
T'admire each gracefull gesture, note, and footing.

SONG.

Come, my *Celia*, let vs prone,
While wee can, the sports of love;
Time will not be ours, for euer,
He, at length, our good will seuer;
Spend not then his gifts, in vaine.
Sunnes, that set, may rise againe:
But if, once, we loose this light,
'Tis with vs perpetuall night.
Why should wee deferre our ioyes?
Fame, and rumor are but toyes.
Cannot wee delude the eyes
Of a few poore household-spies?
Or his easie eares beguile,
Thus remooued, by our wile?
'Tis no sinne, lones fruits to steale;
But the sweete thefts to reueale:
To be taken, to be seene,
These haue crimes accounted beene.

CEL. Some serene blast me, or dire lightning strike

THE FOXE.

This my offending face. V O L P. Why droopes my *Celia*?
Thou hast, in place of a base husband, found
A worthy louer: vñ thy fortune well,
With secrecy, and pleasure. See, behold,
What thou art *Queene* of; not in expectation,
As I feede others: but possess'd, and crown'd.
See, here, a rope of pearle; and each, more *orient*
Then that the braue *Egyptian Queene* carrou'd:
Dissolue, and drinke 'hem. See, a Carbuncle,
May put out both the eyes of our S^t *Marke*;
A Diamant, would haue bought *Lollia Paulina*,
When she came in, like star-light, hid with iewells,
That were the spoyles of *Prouinces*; take these,
And weare, and loose 'hem: Yet, remaines an Eare-ring
To purchase them againe, and this whole *State*.
A Gem, but worth a priuate patrimony,
Is nothing: we will eate such at a meale,
The heads of parrots, tongues of nightingalles,
The braynes of peacocks, and of estriches
Shall be our foode: and, could we get the phoenix,
(Though *Nature* lost her kind) she were our dish.
C E L. Good Sir, these things might moue a minde affected
With such delights; but I, whose innocence
Is all I can thinke wealthy, or worth th' enioying,
And, which once lost, I haue nought to loose beyond it,
Cannot be taken with these sensuall baytes:
If you haue conscience—V O L P. 'Tis the Beggers vertue,
If thou hast wisdom, heare me *Celia*.
Thy bathes shall be the iuyce of *Iuly*-flowers,
Spirit of roses, and of violets,
The milke of vnicornes, and panthers breath
Gather'd in bagges, and mixt with *Cretan* wines.
Our drinke shall be prepared gold, and amber;
Which we will take, vntill my roose whirle round
With the *vertigo*: and my *Dwarfe* shall dance,
My *Eunuch* sing, my *Foole* make vp the *antique*.

THE FOXE.

Whil'st, we, in changed shapes, act *Ouids* tales,
Thou, like *Europa* now, and I like *Ione*,
Then I like *Mars*, and thou like *Erycine*,
So, of the rest, till we haue quite run through
And weary'd all the *fables* of the *Gods*.
Then will I haue thee, in more moderne formes,
Attired like some sprightly Dame of *France*,
Braue *Tuscan* Lady, or proud *Spanish* Beautie;
Sometimes, vnto the *Persian* *Sophies* Wife;
Or the *grand-Signiors* Mustresse; and, for change,
To one of our most arte-full *Curtezans*,
Or some quick *Negro*, or cold *Russian*;
And I will meete thee, in as many shapes:
Where we may, so, trans-fuse our wandring soules,
Out at our lippes, and score vp summes of pleasures,

*That the curious shall not know,
How to tell them, as they flow;
And the enuious, when they find
What there number is, be pind.*

C E L. If you haue eares, that will be pierc'd— or eyes,
That can be open'd— a heart, may be touch'd—
Or any part, that yet sounds *man*, about you—
If you haue touch of holy *Saints*— or *Heauen*—
Do mee the grace, to let me scape—if not,
Be bountifull, and kill mee—you do knowe,
I am a creature, hether ill betrayd,
By one, whose shame I would forget it were—
If you will daigne mee neither of these graces,
Yet feede your wrath, Sir, rather then your lust—
(It is a vice, comes nearer manlineffe—)
And punish that vnhappy crime of nature,
Which you miscall my beauty—Flea my face,
Or poison it, with oyntments, for seducing
Your bloud to this rebellion—Rub these hands,
With what may cause an eating leprosie,

THE FOXE.

E'ene to my bones, and marrow— Any thing,
 That may dis-fauour mee, faue in my honour—
 And I will kneele to you, 'pray for you, pay downe
 A thousand howrely vowes, Sir, for your health—
 Report, and thinke you vertuous— V o l p. Thinke me cold,
 Frosen, and impotent, and so report me?
 That I had *Nestor's hernia*, thou wouldst thinke.
 I do degenerate, and abuse my *Nation*,
 To play with oportunitie, thus long:
 I should haue done the act, and then haue parlee'd.
 Yeeld, or Ile force thee. C e l. O, iust God. V o l p. In vaine—
 B o n. Forbeare, foule rauisher, libidinous swine,
 Free the forc'd lady, or thou dy'st, Impostor.
 But that I am loath to snatch thy punishment
 Out of the hand of *Iustice*, thou shouldst, yet,
 Be made the timely sacrifice of vengeance,
 Before this *Altar*, and this drosse, thy *Idoll*.
 Lady, lets quit the place, it is the den
 Of villany; feare nought you haue a guard:
 And he, ere long, shall meete his iust reward.
 V o l p. Fall on mee, roose, and bury mee in ruine,
 Become my graue, that wert my shelter. O,
 I am vn-masqu'd, vn-spirited, vn-done,
 Betray'd to beggary, to infamy—

ACT. 3, SCENE. 3.

Mosca. Volpone.

Where shall I runne, most wretched shame of men,
 To beate out my vn-luckie braines? V o l p. Here, here,
 What? dost thou bleede? M o s. O, that his well-driu'n sword
 Had beene so curteous, to haue cleft me downe,
 Vnto the nauill; ere I liu'd to see

THE FOXE.

My life, my hopes, my spirits, my Patron, all
Thus desperately engaged, by my error.

V O L P. Woe, on thy fortune. M o s. And my follies, Sir,

V O L P. Thou hast made mee miserable. M o s. And my selfe,
Sir.

Who would haue thought, he would haue harken'd, so?

V O L P. What shall wee doe? M o s. I know not, if my heart
Could expiate the mischance, I'd pluck it out.

Will you be pleas'd to hang mee? or cut my throate?

And ile requite you, Sir. Let's die like *Romanes*,

Since wee haue liu'd, like *Greecians*. V O L P. Hearke, who's
there?

I heare some footing, Officers, the *Saffi*,

Come to apprehend vs! I do feele the brand

Hissing, already, at my fore-head: now,

Mine eares are boring. M o s. To your couch, Sir, you

Make that place good, how euer. Guilty men

Suspect, what they deserue still. Signior *Corbaccio*!

ACT. 3. SCENE. 9.

CORBACCIO. MOSCA. VOLTORE.
VOLPONE.

V V Hy! how now? *Mosca*! M o s. O, yndone, amaz'd, Sir.

Your sonne (I know not, by what accident)

Acquainted with your purpose, to my Patron,

Touching your Will, and making him your heire;

Entred our house with violence, his sword drawne,

Sought for you, call'd you wretch, vnnaturall,

Vow'd he would kill you. C O R B. Mee? M o s. Yes, and my
Patron.

C O R B. This act, shall disinherit him. indeed:

Here is the Will. M o s. 'Tis well, Sir. C O R B. Right, and well!

Be you as carefull now, for me. M o s. My life, Sir,

Is not more tenderd, I am onely yours.

C O R B.

THE FOXE.

CORB. How do's he? will hee die shortly, think'st thou? MOS. I feare

He'll out-last *May*. CORB. To day? MOS. No, last-out *May*, Sir,

CORB. Couldst thou not gi' him a *dram*? MOS, O by no meanes, Sir.

CORB. Nay, Ile not bid you. VOLT. This 's a knaue, I see.

MOS. How, Signior *Voltore*? did he heare mee? VOLT. *Parasite*.

MOS. Who's that? O, Sir, most timely welcome—VOLT. Scarfe,

To the discouery of your tricks, I feare.

You are his, onely? and mine, also? are you not?

MOS. Who? I, Sir? VOLT. You, Sir. What deuise is this

About a Will? MOS. A plot for you, Sir. VOLT. Come,

Put not your foylt's vpon me, I shall sent 'hem.

MOS. Did you not heare it? VOLT. Yes, I heare, *Corbaccio*

Hath made your Patron, there, his heire. MOS. Tis true,

By my deuise, drawne to it by my plot,

With hope—VOLT. Your Patron should reciprocate?

And, you haue promis'd? MOS. For your good, I did, Sir.

Nay more, I told his sonne, brought, hid him here,

Where he might heare his father passe the deed;

Beeing perswaded to it, by this thought, Sir,

That the vnnaturallnesse, first, of the act,

And then, his fathers oft disclayming in him,

Which I did meanet' helpe on, would sure enrage him

To do some violence vpon his parent,

On which the *Law* should take sufficient hold,

And you be stated in a double hope:

Truth be my comfort, and my conscience,

My onely ayme was, to dig you a fortune

Out of these two, old, rotten Sepulchers—

VOLT. I cry thee mercy *Mosca*. MOS. Worth your patience,

And your great merit, Sir. And, see the change!

VOLT. Why? what successe? MOS. Most happlesse! you must helpe, Sir.

Whilst wee expected th' old Rauens, in comes

Coruino's wife, sent hether, by her husband—

VOLT.

THE FOXE.

VOLT. What, with a present? MOS. No, Sir, on visitation;
(Ile tell you how, anone) and, staying long,
The youth, hee growes impatient, rushes forth,
Seizeth the lady, wound's mee, makes her sweare
(Or he would murder her, that was his vow)
T' affirme my Patron would haue done her rape;
Which how vnlike it is, you see! and, hence,
With that pretext, hee's gone, t' accuse his father;
Defame my Patron; defeat you— VOLT. Where's her
husband?

Let him bee sent for, streight. MOS. Sir, Ile go fetch him.

VOLT. Bring him, to the *Scrutinee*. MOS. Sir, I will.

VOLT. This must be stopt. MOS. O, you do nobly, Sir.

Alasse, twas labor'd all, Sir, for your good;

Nor was there want of counsell, in the plot:

But fortune can, at any time, ore throw

The proiects of a hundred learned *Clearkes*, Sir.

CORB. What's that? VOLT. Wilt please you, Sir, to go along?

MOS. Patron, go in, and pray for our successe.

VOLP. Need makes deuotion: Heauen your labor blesse.

ACT. 4. SCENE. I.

POLITIQUE. PEREGRINE.

I Told you, Sir, it was a plot: you see

What obseruation is. You mention'd mee,

For some instructions: I will tell you, Sir,

(Since we are met, here, in this *height of Venice*)

Some few perticulars, I haue set downe,

Onely, for this *meridian*, fit to be knowne

Of your crude Trauailer, and they are these.

I will not touch, Sir, at your *phrase*, or clothes,

For they are old. PER. Sir, I haue better. POL. Pardon

I meant, as they are *Theames*. PER. O, Sir, proceed:

Ile slander you no more of wit, good Sir.

POL. First, for your *garbe*, it must be graue, and serious,

THE FOXE.

Very reserv'd, and lock't; not tell a secret,
On any termes, not to your father; scarce
A fable, but with with caution; make sure choise
Both of your company, and discourse; beware,
You neuer speake a truth-- PER. How? P O L. Not to stran-
gers,

For those be they, you must conuerse with, most;
Others I would not know, Sir, but, at distance,
So as I still might be a sauer, in 'hem:

You shall haue tricks, else, past vpon you, hourelly.

And then, for your Religion, professe none;

But wonder, at the diuersity of all;

And, for your part, protest, were there no other

But simply the *Lames*, o'th' *Land*, you could content you:

Nic: Muchianell, and *Monsieur Bodine*, both,

Were of this minde. Then, must you learne the vse,

And handling of your siluer forke, at meales;

The mettall of your glasse-- These are maine matters,

With your *Italian*, and to know the hower,

When you must eat your *melons*, and your *figges*.

PER. Is that a point of State, too? P O L. Here it is,

For your *Venetian*, if hee see a man

Preposterous, in the least, he has him straight;

Hee has: hee strippes him. Ile acquaint you, Sir,

I now haue liu'd here ('Tis some fourteene monthes)

Within the first weeke, of my landing here,

All tooke me for a Citizen of *Venice*:

I knew the formes, so well-- PER. And nothing else.

P O L. I had read *Contarene*, tooke mee a house,

Deale with my *Iewes*, to furnish it with moueables--

Well, if I could but finde one man--one man,

To mine owne heart, whome I durst trust-- I would--

PER. What? what, Sir? P O L. Make him rich; make him a fortune:

He should not thinke, againe, I would command it.

PER. As how? P O L. With certaine proiects, that I haue:

Which, I may not discouer. PER. If I had

But

THE FOXE.

But one to wager with, I would lay odds, now,
Hee tells me, instantly. P O L. One is, (and that
I care not greatly, who knowes) to serue the State
Of *Venice*, with red herrings, for three yeares,
And at a certaine rate, from *Roterdam*,
Where I haue correspondence. There's a letter,
Sent me from one o' th' *States*, and to that purpose;
He cannot write his name, but that's his *marke*.

P E R. He is a Chaundler? P O L. No, a Cheesemonger.
There are some other two, with whome I treat
About the same negotiation;

And--I will undertake it: For, 'tis thus,
He do't with ease, I haue cast it all. Your hoigh
Carries but three men in her, and a boy;
And she shall make me three returnes, a yeare:
So, if there come but one of three, I saue,
If two, I can defalke. But, this is now,
If my mayne proiect faile, P E R. Then, you haue others?

P O L. I should be loath to draw the subtill ayre
Of such a place, without my thousand aymes,
He not dissemble, Sir; where ere I come,
I loue to be consideratiue; and, 'tis true,
I haue, at my free houres, thought vpon
Some certaine *Goods*, vnto the *State of Venice*,
Which I do call my Cautions: and, Sir, which
I meane (in hope of pension) to propound
To the great *Councell*, then vnto the *Forty*,
So to the *Ten*. My meanes are made already--

P E R. By whome? P O L. Sir, one, that though his place
b' obscure,

Yet, he can sway, and they will heare him. His
A *Commandadore*. P E R. What, a common *sergeant*?

P O L. Sir, such, as they are, put it in their mouthes,
What they should say, sometimes: as well as greater.
I thinke I haue my *notes*, to shew you-- P E R. Good, Sir.

P O L. But, you shall swear vnto mee, on your gentry,

THE FOXE.

Not to anticipate—P E R. I, Sir? P O L. Nor reueale
A circumstance—My paper is not with mee.

P E R. O, but, you can remember, Sir. P O L. My first is
Concerning Tinder-boxes. You must know,
No family is, here, without it's boxe;
Now Sir, it being so portable a thing,
Put case, that you, or I were ill affected
Vnto the *State*: Sir, with it, in our pockets,
Might not I go into the *Arsenale*?

Or you? come out againe? and none the wiser?

P O L. Except your selfe, Sir. P O L. Go too, then. I, therefore,
Aduertise to the *State*, how fit it were,
That none, but such as were knowne *Patriots*,
Sound louers of their country, should be sufferd
T' enioy them in their houses: And, euen those,
Seald, at some office, and, at such a bignesse,
As might not lurke in pockets. P E R. Admirable?

P O L. My next is, how t'enquire, and be resolu'd,
By present demonstration, whether a Ship,
Newly arriued from *Soria*, or from
Any suspected part of all the *Leuant*,
Be guilty of the *Plague*: And, where they vse,
To lie out forty, fifty dayes, sometimes,
About the *Lazaretto*, for their triall;

Ile saue that charge, and losse vnto the merchant,
And, in an houre, cleare the doubt. P E R. Indeede, Sir?

P O L. Or—I will loose my labour. P B R. My faith, that's
much.

P O L. Nay, Sir, conceine me. 'Twill cost mee, in onions,
Some thirty *Liu' res*—P E R. Which is one pound *sterling*.

P O L. Beside my water-workes: For this I do, Sir.
First, I bring in your ship, 'twixt two brickwalles;
(But those the *State* shall venter) on the one
I straine me a fayre tarre-paulin; and, in that,
I stick my onions, cut iu halves: the other
Is full of loope holes, out at which, I thrust

THE FOXE.

The noses of my bellows ; and , those bellows
 I keepe , with water-workes , in perpetuall motion ,
 (Which is the easi'st matter of a hundred.)
 Now , Sir , your onion , which doth naturally
 Attract th' infection , and your bellows , blowing
 The aire vpon him , will shew (instantly)
 By his chang'd colour , if there be contagion ;
 Or else , remaine as faire , as at the first :
 Now 'tis knowne , tis nothing . P E R . You are right , Sir .
 P O L . I would , I had my note . P E R . Faith , so would I :
 But , you ha' done well , for once , Sir . P O L . Were I false ,
 Or would be made so , I could shew you reasons ,
 How I could sell this *State* , now , to the *Turke* ;
 Spight of their *Galleyes* , or their— P E R . Pray you , Sir *Poll* .
 P O L . I haue 'hem not , about mee . P E R . That I fear'd .
 They 'are there , Sir ? P O L . No . This is my *Diary* ,
 Wherein I note my actions of the day .
 P E R . Pray you , let's see , Sir . What is here ? *Notandum* ,
 A Rat had gnawne my spur-lethers ; notwithstanding ,
 I pnt on new , and did go forth : but , first ,
 I threw three beanes ouer the threshold . *Item* ,
 I went , and bought two tooth-picks , whereof one
 I burst , immediatly , in a discourse
 With a *dutch Merchant* , 'bout *Ragion del stato* .
 From him , I went , and payd a *moccinigo* ,
 For peeing my silke stockings ; by the way ,
 I cheapend sprats : and at *S^r Markes* , I vrin'd .
 Faith , these are politique notes ! P O L . Sir , I do flippe
 No action of my life , thus , but I quote it .
 P E R . Beleeue me , it is wise ! P O L . Nay , Sir , read forth .

ACT. 4. SCENE. 2.

LADY. NANO. WOMEN. POLITIQUE.
 PEREGRINE.

W Here should this loose Knight be , trow ? sure , h' is hous'd .
 N A N . Why , then he's fast , L A . I , he plaies both , with me :

THE FOXE.

I pray you, stay. This heate will do more harme
To my complexion, then his heart is worth;
(I do not care to hinder, but to take him)

How it comes of! W o m. My maister's, yonder. L A D. Where?

W o m. With a yong Gentleman. L A D. That same's the party,

In mans apparell. 'Pray you, Sir, iog my Knight:

I will be tender to his reputation,

How euer he demerit. P o L. My Lady! P E R. Where?

P o L. 'Tis shee indeed, Sir, you shall know her. She is,

Were she not mine, a *Lady* of that merite,

For fashion, and behauour; and, for beauty

I durst compare-- P E R. It seemes, you are not iealous,

That dare commend her. P o L. Nay, and for discourse--

P E R. Beeing your wife, shee cannot misse that. P o L. Ma-
dame,

Here is a Gentleman, 'pray you, vse him, fayrely,

He seemes a youth, but he is- L A D. None? P o L. Yes, one

Has put his face, as soone, into the world--

L A D. You meane, as early? but to day? P o L. How's this?

L A D. Why in this habit, Sir, you apprehend mee.

Well *Mr. Would-bee*, this doth not become you;

I had thought, the odour, 'ir, of your good name,

Had beene more precious to you; that you would not

Haue done this dire massacre, on your honour;

One of your grauitie, and ranke, besides:

But, *Knights*, I see, care little for the oath

They make to *Ladies*; chiefly, their owne *Ladies*.

P o L. Now by my Spurres (the *Symbole* of my *Knight-hood*)

(P E R. Lord! how his brayne is humbled, for an oath)

P o L. I reach you not. L A D. Right, Sir, your *politie*

May beare it through, thus. Sir, a word with you.

I would be loath, to contest, publikely,

With any Gentlewoman; or to seeme

Froward, or violent (as the *Courtier* sayes)

It comes to neare rusticity, in a *Lady*,

Which I would shun, by all meanes: and, how-euer

I may

THE FOXE.

I may deserue from M^r *Would-bee*, yet,
T'haue one fayre Gentlewóman, thus, be made
Th'vnrind instrument, to wrong another,
And one she knowes not; I, and to perseuer:
In my poore iudgement, is not warranted
From being a *solæcisme* in our sexe,
If not in manners. P E R. How is this! P O L. Sweete Ma-
dame,
Come nearer to your ayme. L A D. Mary, and will, Sir.
Since you prouoke me, with your impudence,
And laughter of your light land-*Syren*, here,
Your *Sporus*, your *Hermaphrodite*—P E R. What's here?
Poëtique fury, and *Historique* stormes?
P O L. The Gentleman, belecue it, is of worth,
And of our Nation. L A D. I, your *white-Friars* nation?
Come, I blush for you, M^r. *Would-bee*, I;
And am asham'd, you should ha' no more forehead,
Then, thus, to be the Patron, or *Saint George*
To a lewd harlot, a base *fricatrice*,
A female deuill, in a male out-side. P O L. Nay,
And you be such a one! I must bid, *adien*
To your delights. The case appeares too liquide.
L A D. I, you may carry't cleare, with your *State-face*;
But, for your *Carniuale Concupiscence*,
Who here is fled, for liberty of conscience,
From furious persecution of the *Marshall*,
Her will I disc'ple. P E R. This is fine, I'faith!
And do you vse this, often? is this part
Of your wits exercise, 'gainst you haue occasion?
Madam—L A D. Go to, Sir. P E R. Do you heare mee, *Lady*?
Why, if your *Knight* haue set you to begge shirts,
Or to inuite me home, you might haue done it
A nearer way, by farre: L A D. This cannot worke you,
Out of my snare. P E R. Why? am I in it, then?
Indeede, your husband told mee, you were fayre,

And

THE FOXE.

And so you are; onely, your nose endlines
(That side, that's next the Sunne) to the *Queene-apple*.
LAD. This cannot be indur'd, by any patience.

ACT. 4. SCENE. 3.

MOSCA. LADY. PEREGRINE.

What's the matter, Madame? LAD. If the *Senate*
Right not my quest, in this; I will protest 'hem,
To all the world, no *Aristocracye*.

MOS. What is the iniurie, Lady? LAD. Why, the caller,
You told mee of, here I haue tane disguis'd.

MOS. Who? this? What meanes your Ladiship? The creature

I mention'd to you, is apprehended, now,
Before the *Senate*, you shall see her--LAD. Where?

MOS. Ile bring you to her. This yong Gentleman
I saw him land, this morning, at the *Port*.

LAD. Is 't possible! how has my iudgement wander'd?

Sir, I must, blushing, say to you, I haue err'd:

And plead your pardon. PER. What! more changes, yet?

LAD. I hope, you haue not the malice to remember

A Gentlewomans passion. If you stay,

In *Venice*, here, please you to vse mee, Sir--

MOS. Will you goe, Madam? LAD. 'Pray you, Sir, vse mee.
In faith,

The more you vse mee the more I shall conceiue,

You haue forgot our quarrell. PER. This is rare!

Sir *Politique Would-bee*? No, Sir *Politique Band*.

To bring me, thus, acquainted with his wife!

Well, wise Sir *Poi*: since you haue practis'd, thus,

THE FOXE.

Vpon my freshman-ship, Ile trie your salt-head,
What prooffe it is against a counter-plot.

ACT. 4. SCENE. 4.

VOLTORE. CORBACCIO. CORVINO.
MOSCA.

VVell, now you know the carriage of the businesse,
Your constancy is all, that is requir'd

Vnto the safety of it. MOS. Is the *lie*

Safely conuaid amongst vs? Is that sure?

Knowes euery man his burden? CORV. Yes. MOS. Then,
shrinke not.

CORV. But, knowes the Aduocate the truth? MOS. O, Sir,
By no meanes. I deuif'd a formall tale,
That salu'd your reputation. But, be valiant, Sir.

CORV. I feare no one, but him; that, this his pleading
Should make him stand for a co-heire— MOS. Co-halter,
Hang him: wee will but vse his tongue, his noise,
As we do *Croakers*, here. CORV. I, what shall he do?

MOS. When we ha' done, you meane? CORV. Yes. MOS. Why
wee'll thinke,

Sell him for *Mummiæ*, hee's halfe dust already.

Do not you smile, to see this *Buffalo*,

How he do's sport it with his head?— I should

If all were well, and past. Sir, onely you

Are hee, that shall enioy the crop of all,

And these not know for whome they toile. CORV. I, peace.

MOS. But you shall eat it. Much. Worshipfull Sir,

Mercury sit vpon your thundring tongue,

Or the *French Hercules*, and make your language

As conquering as his club, to beate along,

(As with a tempest) flat, our aduersaries;

But, much more, yours, Sir. VOLT. Here they come, ha' done.

K

MOS.

THE FOXE.

Mos. I haue another witnesse, if you neede, Sir,
I can produce. VOL T. Who is it? Mos. Sir, I haue her.

ACT. 4. SCENE. 5.

AVOCATORI. 4. BONARIO. CELIA, VOLTORE.
CORBACCIO. CORVINO. MOSCA.
NOTARIO. COMMANDADORI.

THE like of this the *Senate* neuer heard of.

AVOC. 2. Twil come most strange to them, whē we report it.

AVOC. 4. The Gentlewoman has beene euer held
Of vn-reproued name. AVOC. 3. So has the youth.

AVOC. 4. The more vnnaturall part that of his father.

AVOC. 2. More, of the hus band. AVOC. 1. I not know to giue
His act a name, it is so monstrous!

AVOC. 4. But the Impostor, he is a thing created
T' exceed example! AVOC. And all after times!

AVOC. 2. I neuer heard a true voluptuary
Discrib'd, but him. AVOC. 3. Appeare yet those were cited?

NOTA. All, but the old Magnifico, *Uolpone*.

AVOC. 1. Why is not hee here? Mos. Please your *Father-*
hoods,

Here is his Aduocate. Himselfe's, so weake,
So feeble— AVOC. 4. What are you? BON. His *Parasite*,

His Knaue, his Pandar— I beseech the *Court*,

He may be forc'd to come, that your graue eies
May beare strong witnesse of his strange impostures.

VOLT. Vpon my faith, and credit, with your vertues,
Hee is not able to endure the ayre.

AVOC. 2. Bring him, howe euer. AVOC. 3. We will see him.

AVOC. 4. Fetch him.

VOLT. Your *Father-hoodes* fit pleasures be obey'd,

But sure, the sight will rather mooue your pittyes,

Then indignation; may it please the *Court*,

In the meane time, hee may be heard in me:

THE FOXE.

I know this *Place* most voide of preiudice,
And therefore craue it, since we haue no reason
To feare our truth should hurt our cause. Avoc. 3. Speake free.

VOLT. Then know, most honor'd *Fathers*, I must now

Discover, to your strangely' abused eares,
The most prodigious, and most frontlesse piece
Of solid impudence, and trechery,

That euer vicious Nature yet brought forth
To shame the *State of Venice*. This lewd woman

(That wants no artificiall lookes, or teares,
To helpe the visor, she has now put on)

Hath long beene knowne a close aduresser,
To that lasciuious youth there, not suspected,

I say, but knowne; and taken, in the act,
With him; and by this man, the easie husband,

Pardon'd : whose timelesse bounty makes him, now,
Stand here, the most vnhappy, innocent person,

That euer mans owne vertue made accus'd.

For these, not knowing how to owe a gift
Of that deare grace, but with their shame; being plac'd

So' aboue all powers of their gratitude,

Began to hate the benefit; and, in place

Of thanks, deuise t' extirpe the memory

Of such an act : wherein, I pray your *Father-hoods*,

To obserue the malice, yea, the rage of creatures

Discover'd in their euils; and what heart

Such take, euen, from their crimes. But that, anone,

Will more appeare. This Gentleman, the father,

Hearing of this foule fact, with many others,

That dayly strooke at his too-tender eares,

And, grieu'd in nothing more, then that he could not

Preserue himselfe a parent (his sonnes ill

Growing to that strange floud) at last decreed

To dis-inherit him. Avoc. 1. These be strange turnes !

Avoc. 2. The yong mans fame was euer faire, and honest.

VOLT. So much more full of danger is his vice,

THE FOXE.

That can beguile so, vnder shade of vertue,
 But as I said (my honour'd *Sires*) his father
 Hauing this settled purpose, (by what meanes
 To him betray'd, we know not) and this day
 Appointed for the deed, that Parricide,
 (I cannot stile him better) by confederacy
 Preparing this his Paramour, to bee there,
 Entred *Volpone's* house (who was the man
 Your *Father-hoods* must vnderstand, design'd
 For the inheritance) there, sought his father;
 But, with what purpose sought he him, my *Sires*?
 (I tremble to pronounce it, that a sonne
 Vnto a father, and so such a father
 Should haue so foule, felonious intent)
 It was, to murder him. When, being preuented
 By his more happy absence, what then did hee?
 Not check his wicked thoughts; no, now new deedes:
 (Mischiefe doth euer ende, where it begins)
 An act of horror, *Fathers*! he drag'd forth
 The aged Gentleman, that had there lien, bed-rid,
 Three yeares, and more, out off his innocent couch,
 Naked, vpon the floore, there left him; wounded
 His seruant in the face; and, with this strumpet
 The stale to his for'gd practise, who was glad
 To be so actiue, (I shall here desire
 Your *Father-hoods* to note but my collections,
 As most remarkable) thought, at once, to stop
 His fathers ends; discredit his free choise,
 In the old Gentleman; redeeme themselues,
 By laying infamy, vpon this man
 To whome, with blushing, they should owe their liues.

A v o c. 1. What proofes haue you of this? **B o n.** Most honour'd
Fathers,

I humbly craue, there be no credite giuen
 To this mans mercenary tongue. **A v o c. 2.** Forbeare.

B o n.

THE FOXE.

BON. His soule moues in his fee. AVO C. 3. O, Sir. BON. This fellow,

For six *sols* more, would pleade against his *Maker*.

AVOC. 1. You do forget your selfe. VOLT. Nay, nay, graue *Fathers*,

Let him haue scope; can any man imagine

That hee will spare his accuser, that would not

Haue spar'd his parent? AVOC. 1. Well, produce your proofes.

CEL. I would, I could forget, I were a creature.

VOLT. Signior *Corbaccio*. AVOC. 4. What is hee? VOLT. The father.

AVOC. 2. Has he had an oath? NOT. Yes. CORB. What must I doe now?

NOT. Your testimony's crau'd. CORB. Speake to the knaue?

Ile ha' my mouth, first, stopt with earth; my heart

Abhors his knowledge: I disclaime in him.

AVOC. 1. But, for what cause? CORB. The mere portent of nature.

Hee is an vtter stranger, to my loynes.

BON. Haue they made you to this? CORB. I will not heare thee,

Monster of men, swine, goate, wolfe, Parricide,

Speake not, thou viper. BON. Sir, I will sit downe,

And rather with my innocence should suffer,

Then I resist the authority of a father.

VOLT. Signior *Coruino*. AVOC. 2. This is strange! AVOC. 1. Who's this?

NOT. The husband. AVOC. 4. Is he sworne? NOT. Hee is.

AVOC. 3. Speake then.

CORV. This woman (please your *Father-hoods*) is a whore,

Of most hot exercise, more then a partrich,

Vpon record— AVOC. 1. No more. CORV. Neighes, like a gennet.

NOT. Preserue the honour of the *Court*. CORV. I shall,

And modesty of your most reuerend eares.

And

THE FOXE.

And, yet, I hope that I may say, these eyes
 Haue scene her glew'd vnto that peece of Cedar;
 That fine well-timber'd gallant: and that, here,
 The letters may be read, thorough the horne,
 That make the story perfect. M o s. Excellent, Sir.

C O R V. There is no harme in this, now, is there? M o s.
 None.

C O R V. Or if I said, I hop'd that she were onward
 To her damnation, if there be a hell
 Greater then whore, and woman; a good *Christian*
 May make the doubt. A v o c. 3. His griefe hath made him fran-
 tique.

A v o c. 1. Remoue him, hence. A v o c. 2. Looke to the wo-
 man. C O R V. Rare!

Prettily fain'd! againe! A v o c. 4. Stand from about her.

A v o c. 1. Giue her the ayre. A v o c. 3. What can you say?
 M o s. My wound

(May't please your wisdomes) speakes for mee, receiu'd
 In ayde of my good Patron, when he mist
 His sought for father, when that well-taught dame
 Had her *Qu:* giuen her, to crie out a rape.

B o n. O, Most lay'd impudence! *Fathers.* A v o c. 3. Sir, be silent,
 You had your hearing free, so must they theirs.

A v o c. 2. I do begin to doubt th' imposture, here.

A v o c. 4. This woman, has too many moodes. V o l T. Graue
Fathers,

She is a creature, of a most profest,
 And prostituted lewdnesse. C O R V. Most impetuous,
 Vnsatisfied, graue *Fathers.* V o l T. May her faynings
 Not take your wisdomes: but, this day, she bayted
 A stranger, a graue Knight, with her loose eyes,
 And more lasciuious kisses. This man saw 'hem
 Together, on the water, in a *Gondola.*

M o s. Here is the Lady herselfe, that saw 'hem too,
 Without; who, then, had in the open streetes
 Pursew'd them, but for sauing her Knights honour.

A v o c. 1

THE FOXE.

Avoc. 1. Produce that Lady. Avoc. 2. Let her come.
Avoc. 4. These things
They strike, with wonder! Avoc. 3. I am turn'd a stone!

ACT. 4. SCENE. 6.

MOSCA, LADY. AVOCATORI. &c.

BEe resolute, Madam. LAD. I, this same is shee.
Out, thou *Chameleon* harlot; now, thine eyes
Vie teares with the *Hyana*: darst thou looke
Vpon my wronged face? I crie your pardons.
I feare, I haue (forgettingly) transgressed
Against the dignity of the Court — Avoc. 2. No, Madame.
LAD. And beene exorbitant — Avoc. 4. You haue not, Lady.
Avoc. 4. These proofes are strong. LAD. Surely, I had no
purpose,
To scandalize your *Honors*, or my sexes.
Avoc. 3. We doe beleue it. LAD. Surely, you may be-
leue it.
Avoc. 2. Madame, wee doe. LAD. Indeede, you may; my
breeding
Is not so course — Avoc. 4. Wee know it. LAD. To offend
With pertinacy — Avoc. 3. Lady. LAD. Such a pre-
sence;
No, surely. Avoc. 1. Wee well thinke it. LAD. You may
thinke it.
Avoc. 1. Let her o'recome. What witnesses haue you,
To make good your report? BON. Our consciences:
CEL. And heauen, that neuer fayles the innocent.
Avoc. 4. These are no testimonies. BON. Not, in your
Courts,
Where multitude, and clamour, ouercomes.
Avoc. 1. Nay, then you do waxe insolent. VOLR. Here,
here,
The testimony comes, that will conuince,

THE FOXE.

And put to vtter dumbnesse, their bold tongues.
See here, graue *Fathers*, here's the Rauisher,
The Rider on mens wiues, the great Impostor,
The grand Voluptuary : Do you not thinke,
These limbes should affect *Venery* ? or these eyes
Couet a concubine ? Pray you, marke these hands,
Are they not fit to stroke a Ladies breasts ?
Perhaps, he doth dissemble. B O N. So he do's.

V O L T. Would you ha' him tortur'd ? B O N. I would haue him
prou'd.

V O L T. Best trie him, then, with goades, or burning Irons ;
Put him to the *strappado* ; I haue heard,
The Rack hath cur'd the *goute* ; faith, giue it him,
And helpe him of a malady, bee courteous:
Ile vndertake, before these honor'd *Fathers*,
He shall haue, yet, as many left diseases,
As she has knowne adulterers, or thou strumpets.
O, my most equall *Hearers*, if these deedes,
Acts, of this bold, and most exorbitant straine,
May passe with suffrance ; what one Cittizen,
But owes the forfeit of his life, yea fame,
To him that dares traduce him ? Which of you
Are safe, my honor'd *Fathers* ? I would aske
(With leaue of your graue *Father-hoods*) if their plot
Haue any face, or colour like to truth ?

Or if, vnto the dullest nostrill, here,
It smell not ranke, and most abhorred flaunder ?
I craue your care of this good Gentleman,
Whose life is much indanger'd, by their *fable* ;
And, as for them, I will conclude with this,
That vicious persons when they are hot, and flesh'd
In impious acts, their constancy abounds :
Damn'd deedes are done with greatest confidence.

A V O C. 1. Take 'hem to custody, and seuer them.

A V O C. 2. Tis pittie, two such prodigies should liue.

A V O C. 1. Let the old Gentleman be return'd, with care;

I am

THE FOXE.

I am sorry, our credulity wrong'd him.

A v o c. 4. These are two creatures ! A v o c. 3. I haue an earthquake in me !

A v o c. 2. Their shame (euen in their cradles) fled their faces.

A v o c. 4. You haue done a worthy seruice to the *State*, Sir,

In their discouery. A v o c. 1. You shall heare, ere night,

What punishment the *Court* decrees vpon 'hem.

V o l t. Wee thanke your *Father-hoods*. How like you it? M o s.

Rare.

I'd ha' your tongue, Sir, tipt with gold, for this ;

I'd ha' you be the heyre to the whole Citty ;

The earth I'd haue want men, ere you want liuing ;

They are bound t' erect your *Statue*, in *S^t Markes*.

Signior *Cornio*, I would haue you goe,

And shew your selfe, that you haue conquer'd. C o r v. Yes.

M o s. It was much better, that you should professe

Your selfe a cuckold, thus ; then that the other

Should haue beene prou'd. C o r v. Nay I consider'd that ;

Now it is her fault : M o s. Then, it had beene yours.

C o r v. True, I do doubt this Aduocate, still. M o s. I faith,

You need not, I dare ease you of that care.

C o r v. I trust thee, *Mosca*. M o s. As your, owne soule, Sir.

C o r b. *Mosca*.

M o s. Now for your businesse, Sir. C o r b. How ? ha' you busines ?

M o s. Yes, yours, Sir. C o r b. O, none else ? M o s. None else, not I.

C o r b. Be carefull, then. M o s. Rest you, with both your eies, Sir.

C o r b. Dispatch it, M o s. Instantly. C o r b. And looke, that all,

What-euer, bee put in, iewells, plate, moneyes,

House-holdstufte, bedding, curtines. M o s. Curtine-rings, Sir.

Onely, the Aduocates fee must be deducted.

C o r b. Ile pay him, now : you'll be too prodigall.

M o s. Sir. I must tender it. C o r b. Two *Cecchines* is well?

L

M o s.

THE FOXE.

M o s. No, sixe, Sir. C o r b. 'Tis too much. M o s. He talk'd a great while,

You must consider that, Sir. C o r b. Well, there's three—

M o s. Ile giue it him. C o r b. Doe so, and there's for thee.

M o s. Bountifull bones ! What horride strange offence

Did he commit 'gainst nature, in his youth,

Worthy this age ? You see, Sir, how I worke

Vnto your ends ; take you no notice. V o l t. No,

Ile leaue you. M o s. All, is yours ; the Deuill, and all,

Good Aduocate. Madame, Ile bring you home.

L a d. No, Ile go see your Patron. M o s. That you shall not :

Ile tell you, why. My purpose is, to vrge

My Patron to reforme his Will ; and, for

The zeale, you'haue shew'n to day, whereas before

You were but third, or fourth, you shall be now

Put in the first ; which would appeare as beg'd,

If you be present. Therefore—L a d. You shall sway mee.

ACT. 5. SCENE. 1.

V O L P O N E.

WELL, I am here ; and all this brunt is past :

I nêre was in dislike with my disguise,

Till this fled moment ; here, 'twas good, in priuate,

But, in your publike, *Cause*, whil'st I breath.

'Fore God, my left legge 'gan to haue the crampe ;

And I apprênded, straight, some power had strooke mee

With a dead *Palley*: Well, I must be merry,

And shake it off. A many of these feares

Would put mee into some villanous disease,

Should they come thick vpon mee : Ile preuent 'hem.

Giue mee a boule of lusty wine, to fright

This humor from my heart ; (Hum, hum, hum)

'Tis almost gone, already: I shall conquer.

Any

THE FOXE.

Any deuise, now, of rare, ingenious knauery,
That would possesse mee with a violent laughter,
Would make mee vp, againe: So, so, so, so.
This heate is life; 'tis blood, by this time: *Mosca!*

ACT. 5. SCENE. 2.

MOSCA. VOLPONE. NANO.
CASTRONE.

HOW now, Sir? do's the day looke cleare againe?
Are we recouerd? and wrought out of error,
Into our way? to see our path, before vs?
Is our trade free, once more? *V O L P. Exquisite Mosca!*
M o s. Was it not carry'd learnedly? *V O L P. And stoutly.*
Good wits are greatest in extremities.
M o s. It were a folly, beyond thought, to trust
Any grand act vnto a cowardly spirit:
You are not taken with it, enough, mee thinkes?
V o L P. O, more, then if I had enioy'd the wench:
The pleasure of all wóman-kind's not like it.
M o s. Why, now you speake, Sir. We must, here be fixt;
Here, we must rest; this is our maister-peice;
We cannot thinke, to goe beyond this. *V o L P. True.*
Thou' hast playd thy prise, my precious *Mosca.* *M o s.* Nay Sir,
To gull the *Couri*—*V o L P.* And, quite diuert the torrent,
Vpon the innocent, *M o s.* Yes, and to make
So rare a *Musique*, out of *Discordes*—*V o L P. Right.*
That, yet, to mee's the strangest! how th' hast borne it!
That these (being so diuided 'mongst them selues)
Should not sent some-what, or in mee, or thee,
Or doubt their owne side. *M o s.* True. They will not see't;
Too much light blinds 'hem, I thinke: each of 'hem
Is so posselt, and stuf with his owne hopes,
That any thing, vnto the contrary,
Neuer so truc, or neuer so apparent,

THE FOXE.

Neuer so palpable, they will resist it—

V O L P. Like a temptation of the Deuill. M o s. Right Sir,
Merchants may talke of trade, and your great Signiors
Of land, that yeelds well; but if *Italy*
Haue any glebe, more fructfull, then these fellows,
I am deceiu'd. Did not your Aduocate rare?

V O L P. O, *my most honor'd Fathers, my graue Fathers,*
Vnder correction of your Father-hoods,
What face of truth is, here? If these strange deedes
*May passe, most honour'd Fathers--*I had much a doe
To forbear laughing. M o s. 'T seem'd to mee, you sweate,
Sir.

V O L P. In troth, I did a little. M o s. But confesse, Sir,
Were you not daunted? V O L P. In good faith, I was
A little in a mist; but not dejected:

Neuer, but still my selfe. M o s. I thinke it, Sir.
Now (so truth helpe mee) I must needs say this, Sir,
And, out of conscience; for your Aduocate:
He' has taken paynes, in faith, Sir, and deseru'd,
In my poore iudgement, I speake it, vnder fauour,
Not to contrary you, Sir, very richly--

Well—to be cosend. V O L P. Troth, and I thinke so too,
By that I heard him, in the latter ende.

M o s. O, but before, Sir; had you heard him, first,
Draw it to certaine heads, then aggrauate,
Then vse his vehement figures— I look'd stil,
When he would shift a shirt; and, doing this
Out of pure loue, no hope of gaine—V O L P. 'Tis right.
I cannot answer him, *Mischa*, as I would,
Not yet; but, for thy sake, at thy intreaty,
I will beginne, euen now, to vexe 'hem all:

This very instant. M o s. Good, Sir. V O L P. Call the *Dwarfe*.
And *Eunuch*, forth. M o s. *Castrone*, *Nano*. N A N. Here.

V O L P. Shall we haue a *lig*, now? M o s. What you please, Sir.

V O L P. Goe,
Streight, giue out, about the streetes, you two,

That

THE FOXE.

That I am dead; doe it, with constancy,
Sadly, do you heare? impute it to the griefe
Of this late slander. M o s. What doe you meane Sir? Volp.

O,

I shall haue, instantly, my *Vulture*, *Crow*,
Rauen, come flying hither (on the newes)
To peck for carrion, my *shee-Wolfe*, and all,
Greedy, and full of expectation —

M o s. And then, to haue it rauish'd from their mouths?

Volp. 'Tis true, I will ha' thee put on a gowne,

And take vpon thee, as thou wert mine heire;

Shew 'hem a Will; Open that chest, and reach

Forth one of those, that has the *Blankes*. Ile straight

Put in thy name. M o s. It will be rare, Sir. Volp. I

When they e'ene gape, and finde themselves deluded,

M o s. Yes. Volp. And, thou vse them skirvily. Dispatch,

Get on thy gowne. M o s. But, what, Sir, if they aske

After the body? Volp. Say, it was corrupted,

M o s. Ile say, it stunke, Sir; and was faine t' haue it

Coffin'd vp instantly, and sent away.

Volp. Any thing, what thou wilt. Hold, heres my Will.

Get thee a cap, a count-booke, pen and inke,

Papers afore thee; sit, as thou wert taking

An inuentory of parcells: Ile get vp,

Behind the curtine, on a stoole, and hearken;

Sometime, peepe ouer; see, how they do looke;

With what degrees, their blood doth leaue their faces;

O, 'twill afford me a rare meale of laughter.

M o s. Your Aduocate will turne starke dull, vpon it.

Volp. It will take of his *Oratories* edge.

M o s. But your *Clarissimo*, old round-backe, hee

Will crumpe you, like a hog-louse, with the touch.

Volp. And what *Coruino*? M o s. O, Sir, looke for him,

To morrow morning, with a rope, and a dagger,

To visite all the streetes; he must runne madd.

My Lady too, that came into the Court,

THE FOXE.

To beare false witnesse, for your Worship. V o l. Yes,
 And kist mee 'fore the *Fathers*; when my face
 Flow'd all with oyles, M o s. And sweate— Sir. Why, your gold
 Is such another med'cine, it dries vp
 All those offensiue saours! It transformes
 The most deformed, and restores 'hem louely,
 As't were the strange *poeticall Girdle*. I O V E
 Could not inuent, t' himselfe, a shroud more subtle,
 To passe *Acrisius* guardes. It is the thing
 Makes all the world her grace, her youth, her beauty.
 V o l. I think, she loues me. M o s. Who? the Lady, Sir?
 Shee's iealous of you. V o l. Do'st thou say so? M o s.
 Hearke,
 There's some, already. V o l. Looke. M o s. It is the *Vul-*
ture:
 Hee has the quickest sent. V o l p. Ile to my place,
 Thou, to thy posture, M o s. I am set. V o l p. But, *Mosca*,
 Play the Artificer now, torture 'hem, rarely.

ACT. 5. SCENE. 3.

VOLTORE. MOSCA. CORBACCIO.
 CORVINO. LADY.
 VOLPONE,

HOW now, my *Mosca*? M o s. *Turkie Carpets, nine—*
 V o l t. Taking an inuentory? that is well.
 M o s. *Two Suites of bedding, Tissen—* V o l t. Where's the *Will*?
 Let me read that, the while. C o r b. So, let me downe:
 And get you home. V o l t. Is he come, now, to trouble vs?
 M o s. *Of Cloth of gold, two more—* C o r b. Is it done, *Mosca*?
 M o s. *Of severall vellets, eight—* V o l t. I like his care.
 C o r b. Do'st thou not heare? C o r v. Ha? is th' houre come,
Mosca?
 V o l p. I, now, they muster. C o r v. What do's the Aduocate,
 here?

THE FOXE.

Or this *Corbaccio*? CORB. What doe these here? LAD.
Mosca?

Is his thred spunne? MOS. *Eight Chests of Linnen*—VOLP.

O,

My fine *Dame would-bee*, too! CORV. *Mosca*, the Will,
That I may shew it these, and rid hem hence.

MOS. *Six Chests of Diaper foure of Damask*—There.

CORB. Is that the Will? MOS. *Downe-Beds, and Boulsters*—

VOLP. Rare!

Bee busie still. Now, they begin to flutter:

They neuer thinke of me. Looke, see, see, see!

How their swift eies runne ouer the long deed,

Vnto the *Name*, and to the *Legacies*,

What is bequeath'd them, there—MOS. *Ten Sutes of Hang-*
ging—

VOLP. I, i' their garters, *Mosca*. Now, their hopes

Are at the gaspe, VOLT. *Mosca* the heire? CORB. What's
that?

VOLP. My Aduocate is dumbe, Looke to my Merchant,

Hee has heard of some strange storme, a ship is lost:

He faintes My Lady will swoone. Old Glazen-cies,

He hath not reach'd his dispaire, yet. CORB. All these

Are out of hope, I am sure the man. CORV. But, *Mosca*—

MOS. *Two Cabinets*. CORV. Is this in earnest? MOS.

One

Of Ebony—CORV. Or, do you but delude mee?

MOS. *The other, Mother of Pearle*—I am very busie.

Good faith, it is a fortune throwne vpon me—

Item, one Salt of Agai—not my seeking.

LAD. Do you heare, Sir? MOS. *A persum'd Box*—'pray you
forbeare,

You see I am troubled—*made of an Onyx*—LAD. How!

MOS. To morrow, or next day, I shall be at leasure,

To talke with you all. CORV. Is this my large hopes issue?

LAD. Sir, I must haue a fayrer answer. MOS. *Madame*?

Mary, and shall: 'pray you, fairly quit my house.

Nay,

THE FOXE.

Nay, raise no tempest with your lookes; but, hearke you:

Remember, what your Ladyship offerd mee,

To put you in, an heire; go to, thinke on't.

And what you said, eene your best *Madames* did

For maintaynance, and why not you? Inough.

Go home, and vse the poore Sir *Poll*. Your Knight, well;

For feare I tell some riddles; Go, be melancholique.

V O L P. O, my fine Deuill! **C O R V.** *Mosca*, pray you a word.

M o s. Lord! will not you take your dispatch hence, yet?

Me thinkes (of all) you should haue beene th' example.

Why should you stay, here? with what thought? what promise?

Hearke you; do not you know, I know you an asse?

And, that you would; most faine, haue beene a wittoll,

If fortune would haue let you? that you are

A declar'd cuckold, on good termes? This Pearle,

You'll say, was yours? right. This Diamant?

Ile not deny't, but thanke you. Much here, else?

It may be so. Why, thinke that these good workes

May helpe to hide your bad: Ile not betray you,

Although you be but extraordinary,

And haue it onely in title, it sufficeth.

Go home; be melancholique, too: or mad.

V O L P. Rare *Mosca*! how his villany becomes him.

V O L T. Certaine, he doth delude all these, for mee.

C O R B. *Mosca* the heire? **V O L P.** O, his fowre eies haue found it.

C O R B. I'am cosen'd, cheated, by a *Parasite*-slaue;

Harlot, t'ha't gul'd mee. **M o s.** Yes, Sir. Stop your mouth,

Or I shall draw the only tooth, is left.

Are not you he, that filthy couetous wretch,

With the three legges, that, here, in hope of prey,

Haue, any time this three yeare, snuft about,

With your most grou'ling nose; and would haue hir'd

Mee, to the pois'ning of my Patron? Sir?

THE FOXE.

Are not you he, that haue, to day, in *Court*,
Profess'd the dis-inheriting of your sonne?
Periur'd your selfe? goe home, and die, and stinke;
If you but croake a fillable, all comes out:
Away, and call your porters, go, go stinke.

V O L P. Excellent varlet! *V O L T.* Now, my faithfull *Mosca*,
I finde thy constancie. *M o s.* Sir? *V O L T.* Sincere. *M o s.* *A*
Table

Of Porphiry-- I mar'le, you'll be thus troublesome.

V o l. Nay, leaue off now, they are gone. *M o s.* Why? who
are you?

What? who did send for you? O'crie you mercy,
Reuerend Sir: good faith, I am grieu'd for you,
That any chance of mine should thus defeat
Your (I must needs say) most deseruing trauailes:

But, I protest, Sir, it was cast vpon me,
And I could, almost, wish to be without it,
But, that the will o' th' dead must be obseru'd.

Mary, my ioy is, that you need it not,
You haue a gift, Sir, (thanke your education)

Will neuer let you want, while there are men,
And malice to breed causes. Would I had
But halfe the like, for all my fortune, Sir.

If I haue any sutes (as I do hope,
Things being so easie, and direct, I shall not)
I will make bold with your obstreperous aide,
(Conceiue me) for your fee, Sir. In meane time,
You, that haue so much law, I know ha' the conscience,
Not to be couetous of what is mine.

Good Sir, I thanke you, for my plate; 'twill helpe
To set vp a yong man. Good faith, you looke
As you were costlie; best goe home, and purge, Sir,

V o l P. Bid him, eate lettice well: my witty *mischiefe*,
Let me embrace thee. O, that I could now
Transforme thee to a *Venus*-- *Mosca*, goe,
Streight, take my habite of *Clarissimo*,

M

And

THE FOXE.

And walke the streets; bee seene, torment 'hem more:

Wee must pursue, as well as plot. Who would
Haue lost this feast? M o s. I doubt, it will loose them.

V o l p. O, my recouery shall recouer all,
That I could now but thinke on some disguise,
To meete 'hem in: and aske 'hem questions.

How I would vexe 'hem still, at euery turne?

M o s. Sir, I can fit you. V o l p. Canst thou? M o s. Yes, I knowe
One o'the *Commandadori*, Sir, so like you,

Him will I streight make drunke, and bring you his habite.

V o l p. A rare disguise, and answering thy braine!

O, I will be a sharpe disease vnto 'hem.

M o s. Sir, you must looke for curses— V o l p. Till they burst;
The F o x e fares euer best, when he is curst.

ACT. 5. SCENE. 4.

PEREGRINE. MERCATORI. 3. WOMAN.
POLITIQUE.

A M I inough disguis'd? M E R. I. I warrant you.

P E R. All my ambition is to fright him, onely.

M E R. 2. If you could ship him away, twere excellent,

M E R. 3. To *Zant*, or to *Alepo*? P E R. Yes, and haue's

Aduentures put i' th' *Booke of voyages*,

And his guld story registred, for truth?

Well, Gentlemen, when I am in, a while;

And that you thinke vs warme in our discourse,

Know your approaches. M E R. I. Trust it, to our care.

P E R. Saue you faire Lady. Is Sir *Poll*. within?

W o m. I do not know, Sir. P E R. 'Pray you, say vnto him,

Here is a merchant, vpon earnest businesse,

Desires to speake with him. W o m. I will see, Sir. P E R. 'Pray
you.

If see, the Family is all female, here.

W o m. Hee sai's, Sir, hee has waighty affaires of State,

That

THE FOXE.

That now require him whole; some other time,
You may possesse him. P E R. Pray you, say againe,
If those require him whole; these will exact him,
Whereof I bring him tidings. What might bee
His graue affaire of *State*, now? how, to make
Bolognian sauses, here, in *Venice*, sparing
One o' th' *Ingredients*. W O M. Sir, he saies, he knowes
By your word *tidings*, that you are no *States-man*,
And therefore, wills you stay. P E R. Sweet, pray you returne
him,

I haue not read so many *Proclamations*,
And studied them, for words, as hee has done—
But, here he deignes to come. P O L. Sir! I must craue
Your courteous pardon; There hath chanc'd (to day)
Vnkinde disafter, twixt my Lady, and mee:

And I was penning my *Apologie*
To giue her satisfaction, as you came, now.
P E R. Sir, I am greiu'd, I bring you worse disafter;
The Gentleman, you met at th' *Port*, to day,
That told you, he was newly arriu'd— P O L. I, was
A fugitiue- *Punke*? P E R. No, Sir, a Spie, set on you,
And hee has made relation to the *Senate*,
That you profest to him, to haue a plot,
To sell the *State of Venice*, to the *Turke*.

P O L. O' mee. P E R. For which, warrants are sign'd by this
time,

To apprehend you, and to search your study,
For papers— P O L. Alasse, Sir. I haue none, but *notes*,
Drawne out of *Play-bookes*— P E R. All the better, Sir.
P O L. And some *Essayes*. What shall I doe? P E R. Sir, Best
Conuay your selfe into a Sugar-Chest;
Or, if you could lie round, a Frayle were rare:
And I could send you, aboard P O L. Sir, I but talk'd so,
For discourse sake, merely. P E R. Hearke, they are there.
P O L. I am a wretch, a wretch. P E R. What, will you doe Sir?
Ha you nere a Curren-Butt to leape into?

THE FOXE.

They'll put you to the Rack, you must be sodaine.

P O L. Sir, I haue an ingine— M E R. 3. Sir *Politique Would-be?*

M E R. 2. Where is hee? P O L. That I haue thought vpon, before time.

P E R. What is it? P O L. I shall nêre indure the torture.

Mary, it is, Sir, of a *Tortoyse-shell*,

Apted, for these extremities: Pray you Sir, helpe mee.

Here, I' haue a place, Sir, to put back my leggs,

Please you to lay it on, Sir, with this cap,

And my black gloues, lie lie, Sir, like a *Tortoyse*,

Till they are gone, P E R. And, call you this an ingine?

P O L. Mine owne deuise— Good Sir, bid my wiues women

To burne my papers. M E R. 1. Where's hee hid? M E R. 3. we must,

And will, sure, finde him. M E R. 2. Which is his study? M E R. 1. What

Are you, Sir? P E R. I'am a merchant, that came here

To looke vpon this *Tortoyse*. M E R. 3. Howe? M E R. 1. *S^t Marke!*

What Beast is this? P E R. It is a Fish. M E R. 2. Come out, here.

P E R. Nay, you may strike him, Sir, and tread vpon him:

Hee'll beare a cart. M E R. 1. What, to runne ouer him? P E R. Yes.

M E R. 3. Letts iumpe, vpon him; M E R. 2. Can hee not goe? P E R. *He creepes Sir.*

M E R. 1. Letts see him creepe P E R. No, good Sir, you will hurt him.

M E R. 2. (Heart) Ile see him creepe; or prick his gutts.

M E R. 3. Come out, here. P E R. Pray you, Sir, (creepe a little)

M E R. 1. Forth.

M E R. 2. Yet further. P E R. Good Sir. (creepe) M E R. 2. Wee'll see his leggs.

M E R. 3. Gods' so hee has garters! M E R. 1. I, and gloues!

M E R. 2. Is this,

Your

THE FOXE.

Your fearefull *Tortoyse*? P E R. Now, *Sir Poll*. Wee are euen;
For your next proiect, I shall bee prepar'd:

I am sory, for the funerall of your notes, Sir.

M E R. 1. Twere a rare motion, to be scene in *Fleete-street*!

M E R. 2. I, i' the *Terme*. M E R. 1. Or *Smithfield*, in the *Faire*.

M E R. 3. Me thinkes, tis but a melancholique sight!

P E R. Farewell, most *politique Tortoyse*. P O L. where's my Lady?

Knowes she of this? W O M. I know not, Sir, P O L. Enquire.

O, I shall bee the *fable* of all feasts;

The freight of the *Gazetti*; ship-boies tale;

And, which is worst, euen talke for Ordinaries.

W O M. My Lady's come most melancholique, home,

And say's, Sir, she will straight to sea, for *Physick*.

P O L. And I, to shunne, this *place*, and *clime* for euer;

Creeping, with house, on back: and thinke it well,

To shrink my poore head, in my *politique* shell,

ACT. 4. SCENE. 5.

V O L P O N E. M O S C A.

A M I then like him? M O S. O, Sir, you are hee:

No man can seuer you. V O L P. Good. M O S. But, what
am I?

V O L P. Fore heau'n, a braue *Clarissimo*, thou becom'st it!

Pitty, thou wert not borne one. M O S. If I hold

My made one, 'twill be well. V O L P. Ile goe, and see

What newes, first, at the *Court*. M O S. Do so. My F O X E

Is out on his hole, and, ere he shall re-enter,

Ile make him languish, in his borrow'd case,

Except he come to composition, with mee:

Androgyno, Castrone, Nano. A L L. Here.

M O S. Go, recreate your selues, abroad; go, sport:

So, now I haue the keies, and am posselt.

Since hee will, needes, be dead, afore his time,

THE FOXE.

Ile burie him, or gaine by him; I'am his heyre:
 And so will keepe me, till he share at least.
 To cosen him of all, were but a cheat
 Well plac'd; no man would construe it a sinne:
 Let his sport pay for't, this is call'd the Foxe-trap.

ACT. 5. SCENE. 6.

CORBACCIO. CORVINO.
 VOLPONE,

THEY say, the Court is set. CORV. We must mainteine
 Our first tale good, for both our reputations.

CORB. Why? mine's no tale: my sonne would, there, haue
 kild me.

CORV. That's true, I had forgot; Mine is, I am sure
 But, for your Will, Sir. CORB. I, Ile come vpon him,
 For that, hereafter; now his Patron's dead.

VOLP. Signior *Coruino*! and *Corbaccio*! Sir,
 Much ioy vnto you. CORV. Of what? VOLP. The sodaine
 good,

Dropt downe vpon you-- CORB. Where? VOLP. (And, none
 knowes how)

From old *Volpone*, Sir. CORB. Out, errant Knaue.

VOLP. Let not your too much wealth, Sir, make you furious.

CORB. Away, thou varlet. VOLP. Why Sir? CORB. Do'st
 thou mock me?

VOLP. You mock the world, Sir, did you not change Wills?

CORB. Out, harlot. VOLP. O! belike you are the man,
 Signior *Coruino*? faith, you carry it well;

You grow not mad withall: I loue your spirit.

You are not ouer-leauend, with your fortune.

You should ha' some would swell, now, like a wine-fat,

With such an *Autumne*--Did he gi' you all, Sir?

CORV. Auoid, you Rascall. VOLP. Troth, your wife has
 shew'ne

Her

THE FOXE.

Her selfe a very woman; but, you are well,
 You need not care, you haue a good estate,
 To beare it out Sir: better, by this chance.
 Except *Corbaccio* haue a share? **CORV.** Hence varlet.
VOLP. You will not be a' knowne, Sir: why, 'tis wise,
 Thus doe all Gam'sters, at all games, dissemble;
 No man will seeme to winne: here, comes my *Vulture*,
 Heauing his beake vp i' the ayre, and snuffing.

ACT. 5. SCENE. 7.

VOLTORE. VOLPONE.

OVt-stript thus, by a *Parasite*? a slaue?
 Would run on errands? and make legs, for crums?
 Well, what Ile do-- **VOLP.** The *Court* staves for your wor-
 ship.
 I eene reioyce, Sir, at your worships happinesse,
 And, that it fell into so learned hands,
 That vnderstand the fingering. **VOLT.** What do you meane?
VOLP. I meane to be a sutor to your worship,
 For the small tenement, out of reparations;
 That, at the end of your long row of houses,
 By the *Piscaria*: It was, in *Volpone's* time,
 Your predecessor, ere he grew diseas'd,
 A handsome, pretty, custom'd, baudy-house,
 As any was in *Venice* (none disprais'd)
 But fell with him; His body, and that house
 Decay'd, together. **VOLT.** Come, Sir, leaue your prating.
VOLP. Why, if your worship giue me but your hand,
 That I may ha' the refusall; I haue done.
 'Tis a meere toy, to you, Sir; candle-rents:
 As your learn'd worship knowes-- **VOLT.** What doe I
 know?
VOLP. Mary, no end of your wealth, Sir, God decrease it.
VOLT. Mistaking knaue! what, mockst thou my mis-fortune?
VOLP.

THE FOXE.

V O L P. His blessing on your heart, Sir, would 'twere more.
Now, to my first, againe; at the next corner.

ACT. 5. SCENE. 8.

C O R B A C C I O. C O R V I N O. (M O S C A
passant) V O L P O N E.

S E E, in our habite! see the impudent varlet!
S C O R V. That I could shoote mine eyes at him, like gun-
stones.

V O L P. But, is this true, Sir, of the *Parasite*?

C O R B. Againe, t'afflict vs? Monster! V O L P. In good faith,
Sir,

I am hartily green'd, a beard of your graue length
Should be so ouer-reach'd. I neuer brook'd
That *Parasites* hayre, mee thought his nose should cosen,
There still was somewhat, in his looke, did promise
The bane of a *Clarissimo*. C O R B. Knaue -- V O L P. Mee
thinke,

Yet you, that are so traded i' the world,
A witty merchant, the fine bird, *Coruino*,
That haue such morall *Emblemes* on your name,
Should not haue sung your shame; and dropt your cheese:
To let the F O X E laugh at your emptinesse.

C O R V. Sirrah, you thinke, the priuledge of the place,
And your red saucy cap, that seemes (to mee)
Nayl'd to your iolt-head; with those two *Cecchines*,
Can warrant your abuses; come you, hither:

You shall perceiue, Sir, I dare beate you. Approach.

V O L P. No hast, Sir, I do know your valure, well,
Since you durst publish what you are, Sir. C O R V. Tar-
ry,

I'd speake, with you. V O L P. Sir, anotheertime--

C O R V. Nay, now. V O L P. O God, Sir! I were a wise
man

Would

THE FOXE.

Would stand the fury of a distracted cuckold.

CORB. What! come againe? VOLP. Vpon 'hem, *Mosca*;
saue mee.

CORB. The ayre's infected, where he breathes. CORV. Lets
flye him.

VOLP. Excellent *Basiliske*! Turne vpon the *Vulture*.

ACT. 5. SCENE. 9.

VOLTORRE. MOSCA.

VOLPONE.

WELL, flesh-flie, it is *Sommer* with you now;

Your *Winter* will come on, M o s. Good Aduo-
cate,

Pray thee, not rayle, nor threaten out of place, thus;

Thoult make a *solacisme* (as Madam sayes)

Get you a biggen, more: your brayne breakes loose.

VOLT. Well, Sir. VOLP. Would you haue mee beate the inso-
lent slaue?

Throwe durt, vppon his first good cloathes? VOLT. This
same

Is, doubtlesse, some *Familiar*! VOLP. Sir, the Court,

In troth, stayer for you. I am madd, a Mule,

That neuer read *Iustinian*, should get vp,

And ride an Aduocate. Had you no quirk,

To auoide gullage, Sir, by such a creature?

I hope. you do but iest; he has not done't:

This's but confederacy, to blinde the rest.

You are the heyre? VOLT. A strange, officious,

Trouble-some knaue! thou dost torment mee. VOLP. I
know—

It cannot bee, Sir, that you should be cosen'd;

'Tis not within the wit of man, to do it:

N

You

THE FOXE.

You are so wise, so prudent — And, 'tis fit,
That wealth, and wisdom still, should go together —

ACT. 5. SCENE. 10.

AVOCATORI. 4. NOTARIO. COMMANDADOR.
BONARIO. CELIA. CORBACCIO. COR-
VINO. VOLTORE. VOLPONE.

ARE all the parties, here? **NOT.** All, but the Aduocate.

AVOC. 2. And, here he comes. **AVOC.** Then bring 'hem
forth, to sentence.

VOLT. O, my most honourd *Fathers*, let your mercy
Once winne vpon your iustice, to forgiue —

I am distracted — **VOLP.** What will he do, now? **VOLP. O,**
I know not which, to addresse my selfe to, first,

Whether your *Father-hoods*, or these innocents —

CORV. Will hee betray himselfe, **VOLT.** Whome, equal-
ly,

I haue abus'd, out of most couetous endes —

CORV. The man is mad! **CORB.** What's that? **CORV.** Hee
is posselt.

VOLT. For which; now strooke in conscience, here I prostrate
My selfe, at your offended feete, for pardon.

AVOC. 1. 2. Arise. **CEL.** O heau'n, how iust thou art!

VOLP. I am caught

I myne owne noose — **CORV.** Be constant. Sir, nought now

Can helpe, but impudence. **AVOC. 1.** Speake forward. **CON.**
Silence.

VOLT. It is not passion in mee, reuerend *Fathers*,
But onely conscience, conscience, my good *Sires*,
That makes me, now, tell trueth. That *Parasite*,
That Knaue hath beene the instrument of all —

AVOC. Where is that Knaue? fetch him. **VOLP.** I go. **CORV.**
Graue *Fathers*,

This

THE FOXE.

This man's distracted, he confest it, now;
For, hoping to bee old *Volpone's* heyre,
Who now is dead—A v o c. 3. How? A v o c. 2. Is *Volpone* dead?
C o r v. Dead since, graue *Fathers*—B o n. Of sure vengeance
A v o c. 1. Stay,—

Then, he was no deceiuer? V o l t. O, no, none:
The *Parasite*, graue *Fathers*—C o r v. He do's speake,
Out of mere enuie, 'cause the seruant's made
The thing, he gap't for; please your *Father-hoods*,
This is the truth: though, Ile not iustifie
The other, but he may bee somewhere faulty.

V o l t. I, to your hopes, as well as mine, *Corninae*
But Ile vse modesty. Pleaseth your wisdomes
To viewe these certaine notes, and but confesse them;
As I hope fauour, they shall speake cleare truth.

C o r v. The Deuill ha's entred him. B o n. Or hides in
you.

A v o c. 4. Wee haue done ill, by a publike Officer,
To send for him, if he be heire; A v o c. 2. For whome?

A v o c. 4. Him, that they call the *Parasite*. A v o c. 3. 'Tis
true;

He is a man, of great estate, now left.

A v o c. 4. Goe you, and learne his name; and say, the
Court

Intreates his presence, here: but, to the clearing
Of some few doubts. A v o c. 2. This same's a *labyrinth*!

A v o c. 1. Stand you vnto your first report? C o r v. My
state,

My life, my fame—B o n. Where is't? C o r v. Are at the
stake

A v o c. 1. Is yours so too? C o r b. The Aduocate's a
knave:

And has a forked tongue—A v o c. 2. Speake to the point.

C o r b. So is the *Parasite*, too. A v o c. 1. This is confu-
sion.

V o l t. I do beseech your *Father-hoods*, read but those;

THE FOXE.

CORV. And credit nothing, the false spirit hath writ
It cannot be (my *Sires*) but he is posselt.

ACT. 5. SCENE. 11.

VOLPONE. NANO. ANDROGYNO.
CASTRONE.

TO make a snare, for mine owne neck! and run
My head into it, wilfully! with laughter!
When I had newly scap't, was free, and cleare!
Out of mere wantonnesse! ô, the dull Deuill
Was in this braine of mine, when I deuil'd it;
And *Mosca* gaue it second: He must now
Helpe to feare vp this veyne, or we bleed dead.
How now! who let you loose? whether go you, now?
What? to buy Ginger-bread? or to drowne Kitlings?
NAN. Sir, Maister *Mosca* call'd vs out of dores,
And bid vs all go play, and tooke the keyes. AND. Yes.
VOLP. Did Maister *Mosca* take the keyes? why, so!
I am farder, in. These are my fine conceipts!
I must be merry, with a mischiefe to me!
What a vile wretch was I, that could not beare
My fortune, soberly? I must ha' my *Crotchets*!
And my *Conundrums*! well, go you, and seeke him:
His meaning may be truer, then my feare.
Bid him he, streight, come to me, to the Court;
Thether will I; and, if 't be possible,
Vn-screw my Aduocate, vpon new hopes:
When I prouok'd him, then I lost my selfe.

ACT. 5. SCENE. 10.

AVOCATORI, &c.

THese things can nêre be reconcil'd. He, here,
Professeth, that the Gentleman was wrong'd;

And

THE FOXE.

And that the Gentlewoman was brought thether,
Forc'd by her husband: and there left. VOLT. Most true.

CEL. How ready is heau'n to those, that pray. AVOC. 1. But,
that

Volpone would haue rauish'd her, he holds
Vtterly false; knowing his impotence.

CORV. Graue Fathers, he is posselt; againe, I say
Posselt: nay, if there be possession,

And obfession, he has both. AVOC. 3. Here comes our Officer.

VOLP. The Parasite will streight be, here, graue Fathers.

AVOC. 4. You might inuent some other name, Sir varlet.

AVOC. 3. Did not the Notarie meet him? VOLP. Not, that I
know.

AVOC. 4. His comming will cleare all. AVOC. 2. Yet it is
misty.

VOLT. May't please your Father-hoods-- VOLP. Sir, the
Parasite

Will'd me to tell you, that his Maister liues;

That you are still the man; your hopes the same;

And this was, onely a iest-- VOLT. How? VOLP. Sir, to
trie

If you were firme, and how you stood affected.

VOLT. Art'sure he liues? VOLP. Do I liue, Sir? VOLT. O
me!

I was too violent. VOLP. Sir, you may redeeme it,

They said, you were posselt; fall downe, and seeme so:

Ile helpe to make it good. God blesse the man!

Stop your wind hard, and swell: See, see, see, see!

He vomits crooked pinnes / his eyes are set,

Like a dead hares, hung in a poulters shop!

His mouth's running away! Do you see, Signior?

Now, 'tis in his belly! CORV. I, the Devill!

VOLP. Now, in his throate. CORV. I, I perceiue it plaine.

VOLP. 'Twill out, 'twill out; stand cleere. See, where it
flies!

In shape of a blew toad, with a battes wings!

THE FOXE.

Do not you see it, Sir? COR. What? I thinke I doe.

COR. 'Tis too manifest. VOLP. Looke! he comes t' himselfe!

VOLT. Where am I? VOLP. Take good heart, the worst is past, Sir.

You are dis-possess'd. AVOC. 1. What accident is this?

AVOC. 2. Sodaine, and full of wonder! AVOC. 3. If hee were

Possess'd, as it appeares, all this is nothing.

COR. He has beene, often, subiect to these fitts.

AVOC. 1. Shew him that writing, do you know it, Sir?

VOLP. Deny it, Sir, forswear it, know it not.

VOLT. Yes, I do know it well, it is my hand:

But all, that it containes, is false. BON. 3. O practise!

AVOC. 2. What maze is this! AVOC. 1. Is hee not guilty, then,

Whome you, there, name the *Parasite*? VOLT. Graue *Fathers*,
No more then, his good Patron, old *Volpone*.

AVOC. 4. Why, hee is dead? VOLT. O no, my honor'd
Fathers,

Hee liues—AVOC. 1. How! liues? VOLT. Liues. AVOC. 2. This
is subtler, yet!

AVOC. 3. You sayd, hee was dead? VOLT. Neuer. AVOC. 3.
You sayd so? COR. I heard so.

AVOC. 4. Here comes the Gentleman, make him way. AVOC. 3
A stoole.

AVOC. 4. A proper man! and, were *Volpone* dead,

A fit match for my daughter. AVOC. 3. Giue him way.

VOLP. *Mosca*, I was almost lost, the Aduocate

Had betrayd all; but, now, it is recouer'd:

As on the henge againe—say, I am liuing.

MOS. What busie knaue is this. Most reuerend *Fathers*,

I sooner, had attended your graue pleasures,

But that my order, for the funerall

Of my deare Patron did require mee—VOLP. (*Mosca*)

MOS. Whome I intend to bury, like a Gentleman—

VOLP

THE FOXE.

V O L P. I, quick, and cosen me of all. A v o c. 2. Still stranger!
More intricate! A v o c. 1. And come about, againe!

A v o c. 4. It is a match, my daughter is bestow'd.

M o s. (Will you gi' mee halfe? V O L P. First, Ile bee hang'd.

M o s. I know,

Your voice is good, cry not so low'd) A v o c. 1. Demand

The Aduocate. Sir, did not you affirme,

Volpone was alue? V O L P. Yes, and he is;

This Gent'man told me, so. (Thou shalt haue halfe.)

M o s. Whose drunkard is this same? speake some, that knowe
him:

I neuer saw his face. (I cannot now

Afford it you so cheape. V O L P. No?) A v o c. 1. What say
you?

V O L T. The Officer told mee. V O L P. I did, graue *Fathers*,

And will maintayne, he liues, with mine owne life.

And, that this creature told me. (I was borne,

With all good starres my enemies.) M o s. Most graue
Fathers,

If such an insolence, as this, must passe

Vpon me, I am silent: 'Twas not this,

For which you sent, I hope. A v o c. 2. Take him away.

(V O L P. *Mosca*.) A v o c. 3. Let him be whipt. (V O L P. Wilt
thou betray mee?

Cosen me?) A v o c. 3. And taught, to beare himselfe

Toward a person of his ranke. A v o c. 4. Away.

M o s. I humbly thanke your *Father-hoods*. V O L P. Soft, soft:
whipt?

And loose all that I haue? If I confesse,

It cannot bee much more. A v o c. 4. Sir, are you mar-
ried?

V O L P. They'll bee ally'd, anone; I must be resolute:

The FOXE shall, here, vncase. (M o s. Patron.) V O L P. Nay,
now,

My ruines shall not come alone; your match
Ile hinder sure: my substance shall not glew you,

Nor

THE FOXE.

Nor screw you, into a Family. (M o s. Why, Patron!)

V o l p. I am *Volpone*, and this is my Knaue;

This, his owne Knaue; This, auarices Foole;

This, a *Chimera* of Wittall, Foole, and Knaue;

And, reuerend *Fathers*, since we all can hope

Nought, but a sentence, let's not now dispaire it.

You heare mee breife. C o r v. May it please your *Father-hoods*.

C o m. Silence.

A v o c. 1. The knot is now vndone, by miracle!

A v o c. 2. Nothing can be more cleare. A v o c. 3. Or, can more
proue

These innocent. A v o c. 1. Giue 'hem their liberty.

B o n. Heauen could not, long, let such grosse crimes be hid.

A v o c. 2. If this be held the high way, to get riches,

May I be poore. A v o c. 3. This's not the gaine, but torment.

A v o c. 1. These possesse wealth, as sick men possesse *Feuers*,
Which, trulyer, may be sayd to possesse them.

A v o c. 2. Disroabe that *Parasite*. C o r v. M o. Most ho-
nor'd *Fathers*—

A v o c. 1. Can you plead ought to stay the course of Iustice?

If you can, speake. C o r v. V o l t. We beg fauor, C e l. And
mercy.

A v o c. 1. You hurt your innocence, suing for the guilty.

Stand forth; and, first, the *Parasite*. You appeare

T' haue beene the chiefeft minister, if not plotter,

In all these leud impostures; and now, lastly,

Haue, with your impudence, abus'd the *Court*,

And habite of a Gentleman of *Venice*,

Being a fellow of no birth, or bloud:

For which, our sentence is, first thou be whipt;

Then liue perpetuall prisoner in our *Gallies*.

V o l t. I thanke you, for him. M o s. Bane to thy woluisish na-
ture.

A v o c. 1. Deliuer him to the *Saffs*. Thou, *Volpone*,

By bloud, and ranke a Gentleman, canst not fall

Vnder like censure; But our iudgement on thee

Is,

THE FOXE,

Is, that thy substance all be straight confiscate
To the *Hospitall*, of the *Incurabili*:

And, since the most was gotten by imposture,
By fayning *lame*, *gout*, *palsey* and such diseases,
Thou art to lie in prison, cramp't with irons,
Till thou bee'st sick, and lame indeed. Remoue him.

V O L P. This is call'd mortifying of a F O X E.

A V O C. I. Thou *Volto*, to take away the scandale
Thou hast giu'n a'l worthy men, of thy profession,
Art banish'd from their *Fellowship*, and our *State*.

Corbaccio, bring him neare. VVe here possesse
Thy sonne, of all thy estate; and confine thee
To the *Monastery* of *San Spirito*:

Where, since thou knew'st not how to liue well here,
Thou shalt be learn'd to die well. C O R B. Ha! what said he?

C O M. You shall know anone, Sir. A V O C. Thou *Coruino*, shalt
Be straight imbarqu'd from thine owne house, and row'd

Round about *Venice*, through the *grand Canale*,
Wearing a cap, with fayre, long Asses eares,

In steed of hornes: and so, to mount (a paper
Pin'd on thy brest) to the *Berlino*--C O R V. Yes,

And, haue mine eyes beat out with stinking fish,
Brus'd fruit and rotten egges--Tis well. I am glad,

I shall not see my shame, yet. A V O C. I. And to expiate
Thy wrongs done to thy wife, thou art to send her
Home, to her father, with her dowrie trebled:

And these are all your Iudgements--(A L L. Honour'd *Fathers*.)

A V O C. I. Which may not be reuok'd. Now, you begin
When crimes are done, and past, and to be punish'd,
To thinke what your crimes are; away, with them.

Let all, that see these vices thus rewarded,
Take heart, and loue to study 'hem. Mischiefes feed
Like beafts, till they bee fat, and then they bleed.

VOLPONE.

THe seasoning of a *Play* is the applause,
Now, though the *Foxe* be punish'd by the lawes,
He, yet, doth hope there is no suffering due,
For any fact, which he hath done 'gainst you ;
If there be, censure him : here he, doubtfull, stands.
If not, fare *lonially*, and clap your hands.

THE END.



